

# Overland Kit Rivalled! SILVER SAM, Or, the Mystery of Deadwood City, Will commence next week.

## NEW YORK

# Stonemason

## A HOME WEEKLY

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### THE SWORD DRAWN

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

We have drawn the sword in the cause of right,  
And the scabbard aside have laid;  
We invoke the truth of heaven to light  
Each blow of the trenchant blade.  
May our hearts be brave and our arms be strong,  
In the glorious war to win,  
To crush forever the power of wrong  
And scatter the hosts of sin.

There are sights it is like despair to see—  
How evil grows proud and strong;  
How the wicked force from misery  
The means which they use for wrong;  
That the feeble good lift pleading hands,  
Where sin its head uprears;  
And pity a lifeless statue stands,  
While weeping but stony tears.

The pulse of the world for Mammon beats—  
Not in right, but in the lust of gain;  
For vice is filling the loftiest seats,  
And virtue is crouched in pain.  
The hearts of the true grow faint and pale—  
They ask "Is heaven sure?"  
When they see, in the race for power and place,  
The vile surpass the pure.

But truth and honor still survive,  
For there is a heavenly birth;  
And the cause of justice yet shall thrive  
In all the lands of earth.  
In principle these all wrong surmount  
As heaven's earth appears;  
For a noble deed makes a day to count  
As a hundred common years.

And the cause in which our souls are blest  
Will still new life impart,  
Appealing to all that is noblest and best  
In every human heart.  
And, while its flight each cycle wings,  
Together the brave will throng;  
Till right, in even the wildest things,  
Shall mightier prove than wrong.

Though death shall thin our gallant band—  
His tribute we all must give,  
New heroes ever will take their stand—  
The glorious cause shall live.  
And the sword we have drawn, with a deathless  
will,  
Shall still from the sheath be free,  
Till goodness and truth the earth shall fill,  
As the waters fill the sea.

### Winning Ways:

#### KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

##### CHAPTER VII.

###### GOING WITH THE STREAM.

"But when I saw that gentle eye,  
Oh! something seemed to tell me then,  
That I was yet too young to die,  
And hope and bliss might bloom again!"

"With every beaming smile that crowd's  
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home  
Some feeling which my heart had lost,  
And peace which long had learned to roam."

POOR KITTY waited that evening by the Forest road, in vain—no Mr. Oliver came in sight. Only the squirrels chattered, and the cattle lowed, and the small birds sung and called to each other from tree to tree. Restless and unhappy, she turned once more toward her home, and coming out into the high road, paused beside the stile against which William Hill leaned while bidding her his last silent good-by. Did any hovering spirit—any subtle influence in the air reveal the fact to her? I think not. She glanced down at the initials, "W. H. K. A.," cut in the mossy wood, and framed by a true lover's knot. She sighed as she saw them, it is true, but she little dreamed whose tears had moistened them only twelve hours before, as she took the old familiar seat and gazed anxiously down toward her present world, the "Bell" in Brook.

"Why don't he come?" the sick little heart was saying over and over again. "Oh, if he only knew how much I want to see him! I feel so sad—every one has been so unkind all day—and it is all so wretched. Yet if he would but come by for an instant and give me a kind word, or a pleasant smile, how different it would all be! I wonder what he is doing. Reading, perhaps, or writing in that new book of his. How beautiful those parts were that he read to me, the other evening! How nice it must be to be able to write such things! Oh, me! I wish I was clever; and then, perhaps, he would like me a little better than he does now. But I'm not! I am only a simple, ignorant little thing, scarcely fit to be his servant; and yet here I sit, expecting him to come to me, as if I was a born lady, and his equal, like Miss Marchmont. She is his equal, she is rich; she is clever; and I dare say poor William was right when he fancied that she was fond of him. Who would not be? He is so handsome, so kind, so good; just like the people one reads of in novels. And yet not too proud to speak to a little girl like me, not too proud to call me 'dear Kitty,' to hold my hand—oh, why did he do it, if he did not care enough for me to meet me here to-night?"

She burst into a fit of passionate tears, laying her head down upon those rudely-carved letters, but not as William had done. She did not kiss them over and over again. At that moment she had quite forgotten that they were there. And so the twilight faded, and the first stars came twinkling out in the deep-blue sky, and Kitty went sadly home. How softly the moon rose from behind the hills, how calmly she floated up through the Milky Way! How little she cared for the smiling eyes were watching her stately progress all the while. Surely this sublime indifference of Nature to our bitterest woes, is one of the things that makes them even bitterer still.

A week passed by. A sad little note, postmarked Liverpool, and written on board an American liner, gave to Kitty poor William's last good wishes and farewell; but still Mr. Oliver made no sign. She knew that he had left the village; but news travels but slowly in the Forest, and not till the next market-day did she hear more. Then some neighboring farmer,



"Humph!" he said, at last. "I suppose I see it all. What may your errand be here, Mr. Oliver?"

dropping in at nightfall to talk with her father about the price of corn and the rising value of pigs, geese, and turkeys, forgot, as if by accident, the fact of his having seen the "Lon'on gentleman" in Lyndhurst the day before, riding with one of the daughters of the lord of the manor, out toward the Forest, to see the hounds throw off.

There was a short silence after the communication; then the two men went on talking, and Kitty, watching her chance, wrapped herself in her gray mantle, stole silently out at the cottage-door, and went down the garden-path alone. Coming to her favorite meadow stile, she sat down upon it, hid her face in his arms, and tried to collect her scattered senses after the sudden blow she had received.

Mr. Oliver, then, was not in London! Urgent business had not called him back to town, as she had fondly hoped. He was at Lyndhurst, only a few miles away, and yet for a week he had neither seen nor written to her. He had gone without bidding her good-by; he might, possibly, have no intention of meeting her again, while they two should live. And life—life was so long! What would it be to her without his smile, his love, to make it pleasant? It was a dreary look-out for Kitty, in the first flush of her opening existence.

I know as well as you, dear reader, that she was quite in the wrong. She ought not to have given her heart unasked; and least of all ought she to have given it to a man whose station was so far above her own, and to whom a woman's love was by no means so sacred a thing as it should have been. She should have been constant to the young farmer, who was worth a hundred Francis Olivers, had she but known it. But, alas! who in this world of ours does, habitually and continually, what they ought to do? Little Kitty turned from the draught of generous wine, brimming at her very lips, and hankered after the grapes hanging far out of reach, it is true! Is it more than you and I have done, in the course of our lives—more than, perhaps, we are doing now at this very moment? Cupid is the most uncertain, the most wrong-headed potentate in the universe; always shooting his arrows on the right hand, when he ought to be taking aim on the left; sure to be found in the palace, when he should have taken refuge in the peasant's cot. It was but one of his usual vagaries this balking of the simplest happiness—this setting every one in the farmer's cottage by the ears.

Kitty, lingering at the stile as the moon rose and the chill winds went down, kept on that anxious, useless searching into cause and effect with which a loving nature like hers is sure to torture itself at such a time. Miss Marchmont, in the same position, would have looked the difficulty straight in the face—would have fought against it for an instant, and then snapping her fingers with a stolid "What is to be must be," would have gone off to console herself with some excitement, easily procurable in the gay city life she lived. But Kitty, simple, loving little child—could only plaint and murmur like a wounded dove, feeling her hurt, and her utter loneliness, and unable to imagine any remedy for it except the grand one—Death! And so she went on, wondering if she had said or done anything to offend Mr. Oliver during their last interview; if he would marry the lady at Lyndhurst (a bright, beautiful young creature, whom she knew well by sight); if he would ever think of Brook and the cottage—and—and her—and here the tears, that had been flowing silently, came faster; and bending her head down upon her folded arms, she burst into an agony of weeping.

A figure, which had been lingering for a few moments at the turn of the road, now advanced. A voice, which she knew only too well, called her by her name. She started up with a wild cry of joy, and saw Francis Oliver standing beside her. If he had planned a cold and quiet meeting—if he had thought often to himself

during those days of absence, that he ought to look upon Kitty merely as a pleasant little friend, and tell her so, all such ideas and scruples vanished the instant he saw that lovely face beaming brightly through its tears. How it happened, he could not have told, but he held her the next instant in his arms—was kissing her lips, her cheeks, her hair, and calling her by a thousand pet names, as she sobbed upon his breast. After that, there was no retreating. Acting on the impulse of the moment, he had plunged headlong into the stream. Now he had only to let the rapid current bear him where it would. There was a sort of desperate pleasure in the thought that he was no longer a free agent—no longer able individually to control with honor the movements of his future life.

Kitty, blushing like a rose, freed herself at last from his embrace, without daring to look up at him.

"Oh, Mr. Oliver, what must you think of me?" she murmured.

"What can I think but one thing—that Kitty was very glad to see me," was his kind reply. "Two things I ought to say; for I was equally glad to see Kitty. Have you thought of me, little one, as often as I have thought of you during this weary week?"

"I have thought of you every day and all day long," was her simple reply. "But I was afraid you had forgotten me. That was why I cried."

"Simple little girl! Did you think it was possible for me to forget you? Did you not see before I went away how dear you were growing?"

"You went without saying good-by," she whispered.

"That was wrong, I grant. But I have come back, perhaps, and forgotten that one little sin—can you not, my love?"

She raised her radiant face. Forgive! What was the sin she could not overlook and forgive in him.

"I went," he continued, "because I fancied it was best for both of us. You were engaged to a good and kind-hearted man; and when I heard that he had gone, I thought that I might have been doing wrong. That the fact of your having known me might have influenced you more than it ought. In my decision, was I very vain, my love?"

"No," she answered, quietly.

"It never occurred to her to deny or hide her love for him."

"I went away at once. I knew that some days must pass before he left England, and that in the meantime you might, if you chose, ask him to come back. I did not come to say good-by, because I dared not trust myself in your presence, and because I knew that the surest way to make you care for him again, and forget me, was to seem indifferent while he was so heart-broken. I went to Lyndhurst. I could not put myself quite out of your reach, you see; and when I heard that his vessel had really sailed, I came back to say what I say now—Kitty, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

Was she dreaming? No. He stood before her speaking gravely and earnestly, as a man should speak when he asks that question, and waiting for her answer (she thought) as anxiously as if she had been the first lady in the land, instead of a simple cottage-girl.

"Oh!" she sighed, "nothing could make me so happy—nothing! But, Mr. Oliver, are you sure you love me well enough for that? There are many ladies—born ladies—who are educated, and accomplished, and beautiful, who would be glad and proud to marry you."

He smiled a superior, self-satisfied smile. Whether Kitty was right or not, he evidently had but one opinion about the matter.

"Well, my wild rose, what then?"

"There was that lady whom we met in the Forest."

His face darkened suddenly.

"What of her?"

"She would suit you far better than I."

He bit his lip, but answered gayly:

"I hope you don't mean for a moment to compare this pretty little face with Miss Marchmont's? Why, she is positively ugly."

Kitty gave a sigh of relief. She was not very deeply versed in such matters—the *odious force* would have been a heathenish mystery to her; and she never deemed for an instant that it was possible for a man to regard a woman with too favorable an eye after he had pronounced that fearful verdict against her: "Positively ugly!" Her heart was set at rest about Miss Marchmont from that moment.

And the lady at Lyndhurst—the lady you rode out with, she said, timidly.

"Ah! some one has been telling tales of me, I see," he replied, laughing. "My love, she is the daughter of a very old friend of mine—a mere school-girl, in fact. You need not be jealous of her."

He did not think it necessary to add that the "mere school-girl" was already engaged to a cornet in the Guards, and so wrapped up in thoughts of him, that she evidently scarcely knew if Mr. Oliver was by her side or not. "Truth should be spoken on all occasions," was his motto. Sometimes, as in this case, he added a little saving clause, which ran thus: "But all the truth need not always be told."

Kitty smiled gladly.

"I am not jealous, Mr. Oliver; only a little fearful. You are quite sure I am not too ignorant for you?"

"Quite sure, my love."

"Certain that you will not tire of me; certain that you will never wish you had married some one else—some one more worthy of you?"

He smiled, and smoothed the dark hair away from the loving, earnest face.

"Let this kiss answer, my child."

"Oh! not one of them would love you as I do," she cried. "I will serve you; I will be faithful to you; I will live for you alone, and if you tell me to go and die, I will do it, Mr. Oliver! I will make you happy. I know I can!"

Her tears finished the broken sentence; and, leaning her head against his arm, she let them flow freely. He stood supporting her in silence; his gaze wandered from her face over the quiet landscape, and then up to the calm night sky.

He could not feel what Kitty felt—the ecstatic happiness of a first love revealed, and apparently returned—but he felt grateful and at rest.

Her spirit stood upon the bright mountain-tops of youth and love, and bathed in the glad sunshine with exultant joy; he lingered far down in the shaded valley, but some chastened reflection of the light and glory fell around him even there! Life has so many different phases, so many very different moods! The gift-horse, which we look in the mouth at twenty, comes before us as a God-send at eight-and-thirty.

We start so freshly, so exultantly, on our journey that we are somewhat unreasonable in our demands; the best and brightest of everything alone will content us. But when day after day passes on, and the forced march is still kept up, and weary and footsore though we may be, we know that the tent of repose can never be pitched till we lie down in it to rise no more; at that stage we grow more humble, and take the goods the gods provide us with thankful resignation.

Instead of grumbling over our wretched fate, we say, meekly: "Thank Heaven it is no worse!" and so toil on to the end.

To this point Francis Oliver had now arrived. The world was no longer "all before him, where to choose;" there were three or four gray hairs in his right whisker, and incipient "crows' feet" tracking the corners of his fine dark eyes. More than once had he received a flying visit from that dreaded enemy, the gout. He could no longer walk twenty miles at a time without fatigue; and if he rode after the hounds, he found himself selecting convenient lanes, and dry ditches, and gaps in the hedges on his onward way,

instead of taking five-barred gates and sunk fences, as he used to do in his earlier years. He had outgrown the fascinations of theaters, operas, and ballets; he cared little for concerts where his own peculiar favorites did not appear; the club was getting to be a dreary lounge, and his bachelor apartments were ten degrees worse. Then, too, his dancing days were over, and he had never been fond of whist; young ladies "just out" seemed little interested in his literary gossip, especially if any empty-headed guard-man of twenty-five hovered in the distance; his gay bachelor friends had all settled down into sober, married men, and their wives looked somewhat coldly upon him; in short, he had outlived his own peculiar associations, ties, and intimacies, and must either set about creating new ones, or become a lonely, discontented, and disappointed man.

Here was the last turning-point in his existence. He had sense enough to recognize it, and to feel grateful that it was so pleasant a one. This was not the wife he would have chosen once—not the wife he would have chosen now, perhaps, if he had not made that fatal blunder about Miss Marchmont at Stony Cross. But, at all events, putting Miss Marchmont out of the question, here was a good, innocent, pretty, young girl, pure as a lily, fresh as a rose, who loved him for himself alone—who would make his home happy, share his sorrows, and double his joys—who would look upon her husband as the greatest and best of men—who would be a pleasant and faithful companion to him for many a year, and a kind and tender nurse when he needed one. If fortune frowned upon him, Kitty still would smile; if the fickle public wearied of him, she would still be true; if other writers, greater than he, rose up in his place and jostled him from the broad highway of fame and public usefulness into narrow by-paths of literary drudgery, Kitty would never know, or if she knew, would never believe that the fault was his, and the merit theirs. There was something in this reverent faith of hers in him and his talents that attracted him even more than her beauty, her grace, her youth. To have one disciple who would believe in him implicitly, no matter what doctrines he might teach—one subject who would obey her ruler loyally, and without a thought of rebellion—one friend who would trust him unreservedly, no matter what his shortcomings might be; this was what he wanted; this was what he had found! And he drew the little graceful head closer to his breast, and kissed the open brow, with an inward resolution to prize his treasure according to its worth to brighten, forever, by his faithful love, the life that had so unselfishly merged itself in his own!

They entered the cottage together just as the farmer was coming to the door in search of his daughter. He eyed them grimly as they stood in the little room, hand clasping hand, smile answering smile.

"Humph!" he said, at last. "I suppose I see it all. What may your errand be here, Mr. Oliver?"

"To ask you to confirm what your daughter has just said," replied Mr. Oliver with courteous ease. "To ask you to give me Kitty for my wife."

"You can take her, sir," said the old man, bitterly. "When is it to be?"

At once—next week—if you do not object."

Kitty looked dismayed. The day had not been named before, and the suddenness of the proposition almost took away her breath.

"The sooner the better, sir," was the farmer's reply. "And now say good-night to her, if you please."

There was no withholding him in that curt mood, and Mr. Oliver obeyed. No sooner had the door closed upon him, than Kitty was sent to bed without her father's usual kiss and blessing. He was evidently deeply hurt and displeased at the turn the affair had taken. Yet she dared utter no word of excuse either for her lover or herself.

The week passed by all too quickly; and on the following Monday the church was crowded with the village people; and Kitty, in the presence of all who had known and loved her from her infancy, gave her hand where her heart had been bestowed, and left the church—Katharine Atherton no longer. She was to start at once upon her bridal tour, and was to say farewell to her friends then and there, instead of returning to her father's house. A bevy of young girls about the matrons closely availing of the opportunity of the church porch—then she flung herself upon her father's neck—kissed her aunts—patted the old house-dog kindly, and was gone!

The group of friends and neighbors stood looking after the retreating carriage in silence. To the young village-girl, it was as if a fairy prince had suddenly appeared and chosen his bride from their ranks; but their mothers shook their heads and sighed when they talked of the bridegroom, and turned to look after the poor old farmer and his dog going slowly across the fields toward home.

##### CHAPTER VIII.

###### THE HURT HEART.

"Couldst thou look as dear as when  
First I sighted thee;  
Couldst thou make me feel again  
Every wish I breathed thee then,  
Oh, how blissful life would be!  
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,  
Joys, that lie in slumber cold—  
All would wake, if thou couldst give me,  
One dear smile like those of old."  
—MOORE.

MISS MARCHMONT, like the rich man of old, had "many possessions." They did not exactly take the patriarchal form of "flocks and herds," it is true; but she had a house in town, a seat in the country, some warehouses in Manchester, and the fourth part of an export business in Liverpool figuring upon her rent-roll, and the sum was justified in spending per annum would have sufficed to support a large family, had she been blessed with one. Therefore, it was not strange if, when a whim seized upon her, she made haste, out of her full purse, to gratify it. She was continually buying something or other; now a horse—now a picture—now a set of splendidly bound books. Her latest purchase had been made after reading the history of the



little dairy village which a queen of France once amused herself with building—the village where she and her maids of honor tripped about in little wooden clogs, and made butter, and gave the king and his courtiers draughts of milk from real wooden pails. Miss Marchmont laughed at the picture at first, it is true; but it seemed to haunt her; and since she could not have a whole village to herself, she determined to have a house. Not an elegant country-seat, where her fashionable friends, dejected by process, might come and wear away an hour or two, and yawn over Nature's calm beauties—as a certain duke at Twickenham once yawned over the unreasonable Thames, which "will keep running and running forever, and so weary of it." No March Hill as often as they liked; but into her new home they should never intrude. It should be at a very short distance from town, so that she might go to and fro as she liked. It should be perfectly rural, it should have a little garden, a little wood, a vine and fig tree, a stable for her horse, a kennel for her dog, a study for herself, and it should be called "The Growler."

She set out on her travels one windy afternoon, and at a distance of six miles from London found the very thing she sought—a little two-storyed, square-fronted brick cottage, not more than five minutes' walk from the station, standing in its own grounds, and secured from the gaze of curious pedestrians by high walls that inclosed the whole place. The rooms were small, but light and convenient; they were furnished nicely, and the place could be taken at once, if she liked. Miss Marchmont was always prompt in her movements. She went through the house, examined the furniture, looked over the stable, walked up and down the lawn once or twice, and then went straight to the agent's office, where she signed an agreement which gave her the sole use and enjoyment of the premises for one year. The next afternoon she came again with a quantity of baggage, her housekeeper, and one or two old servants; and by the end of the week, "The Growler" was in full occupation, and she as contented in her little rooms as if she had lived there all her life.

Not one of her London acquaintances possessed the clue to her retreat. Each evening found her at ball, theater, or opera, as usual; but the long and pleasant days were spent in her suburban home—spent in writing, in reading, in country walks, or rides with her bay "Fanny," and her Newfoundland, "Fred." The healthful exercise, the perfect rest and quiet, and sweet, fresh air did her a world of good. She dropped all her burdens when the gate of "The Growler" closed upon her, and only resumed them when she left her home once more. Even the old wound was well-nigh healed (at least she fancied so), and she ceased to busy herself with conjectures as to the movements of Francis Oliver, and tried her best to put away those harsh and bitter thoughts of him which had made her whole life, in one sense, an utter blank. He had not treated her kindly—no matter, she could forgive him now! Years ago, when they first met, he had paid her marked attention, had seemed almost to love her—had drawn back suddenly, and left her without the slightest explanation. She had borne it in silence. What woman likes to talk of slights endured, of affection given only to be betrayed? What pity has the world for misfortunes like these!

Miss Marchmont had been wise enough to hold her tongue, and drink the bitter draught held to her lips with all due outward propriety. How the pierced heart raged and bled beneath that veil of decorous calm, it is not for me to say; suffice it, that the struggle was over, and that none except God and herself knew that it had been. And now, among the gentle influences of her changed life, the "stirrings and searchings" of the old wound grew fainter, and seemed at last to die entirely away.

She sat before the piano one Sabbath morning, looking out into the garden as she played a hymn in a minor key—a melancholy, wailing thing, and yet she loved it. It was a master-hand that touched the instrument, and it gave forth its sweetest melody, as if in thanks. By-and-by, all was silent.

Her Newfoundland came up the garden path, and stood outside the parlor window, looking at his mistress with wagging tail and half-laughing, open mouth. She did not refuse the mute invitation to a walk, but went down the steps, and allowed him to escort her across the lawn and back again. The dog turned off at last, and went snuffing and spying about the hedge that divided her grounds from those of her neighbor. Presently he uttered a low growl. Miss Marchmont went to see what had displeased him, and came upon a scene that transfixed her with astonishment.

Within those grounds, and plainly visible through the leafless hedge, a lady and gentleman were walking. The lady wore a black moiré antique dress, a velvet cloak, and a white silk bonnet decked with snowy plumes. The gentleman was dressed in black, and carried a small lacquered cane that looked strangely familiar to Miss Marchmont's eyes. When she first saw them, their backs were toward her—presently they turned, and she uttered a faint exclamation, and staggered back as if she had received a blow. She watched them go down the broad walk arm-in-arm, heard the gate close behind them, and knew that they were going church; for the last bell had already begun to ring.

She stood listening for a moment till the faintest echo of their steps and voices had died away; then sunk down upon a little garden seat, clasped her hands around the neck of the dog, who was looking up in her face and whining, and laid her aching head on his.

She needed to think—she needed a moment's rest. For she had looked once more on Francis Oliver's face, and it needed no words to tell her that it was his bride who leaned upon his arm!

CHAPTER IX.

A WOMAN'S TACT.

"Oh, there's nothing left me now  
But to moan the past!  
Vain was every ardent vow—  
Never yet did Heaven allow  
Love so warm, so wild, to last.  
Not even hope could now deceive me,  
Life itself looks like death and cold;  
Oh, then never more canst give me  
One dear smile like those of old!"  
—MOORE.

So much for battles fought—for fancied victories won! At the first unexpected sight of the man she had once loved, this woman philosopher threw down lance and shield, and owned herself vanquished.

Had she met him in any other way, her weakness would not have been so plainly manifested to herself. To have seen him in those gay social circles, to which they both of right belonged, would have been as nothing. There no one would have had a greater claim upon him—no one could have boasted a closer intimacy with him than herself. But this view of his hidden happiness—this glimpse of his domestic peace, wounded her cruelly. The sight of that gentle, pretty girl, who had a right to lean upon his arm and look up so fondly into his face, was bitter for a time.

The church-bells ceased to ring. She dashed the tears from her eyes impatiently. It seemed to her a childish thing to sit and weep over what was past recalling. She had no patience with the weakness which she could not at that instant conquer.

It was the old story—the old railway verdict of "Nobody to blame." There had been no positive word of love spoken, no real engagement made. They had separated in England, and when they met once more in America, the lady was too proud to encourage a hesitating lover, the gentleman too shy to make advances to a belle, an heiress, a successful authoress, when he had seemed to slight and forget the timid girl of sixteen. They met often in society, but only as "people in society" meet. Each thought of the other, cared for the other more than they would have dared to own, but still the ice was unbroken—still the cordial word withheld. Never had

they come so near the old familiar days as when they shook hands beneath the New Forest oaks. It was possible, then, to revive the long-buried love, and to renew the broken dream. Had fate been kinder, how much of pain, of weariness, of restless, dissatisfied longings might have been spared those two long-severed hearts! A word, a look, would have told them all in time; but the hour went by, and all was lost!

The morning passed away, and footsteps and voices in the road beyond the garden walls showed that people were returning from church. Miss Marchmont rose from her seat and patted her dog's head.

"Well, Master Frederick," she said, half-jesting, half-bitterly. "An accident will happen in the best regulated families; and if we chance to get our fingers pinched as the world goes round, 'tis little use crying out. What is to be, must be! 'Tis a broken life, in good truth, my Fred, and we must even pick up the pieces, and patch them together as best we can!"

She went into the house. Her early dinner was just ready; she sat down and ate far too heartily for a heroine. Then, ordering the carriage, she drove back to her house in town. She was determined to put up with the trifling inconveniences by a course of hard study and hard work. She could not have made a more sensible resolution at that particular time!

For two days Miss Marchmont wrote very steadily in her London home. On the third evening she pushed aside her desk and papers soon after tea, yawned, and muttering that she did not see any need of making a Carmelite nun of herself, even if Mr. Oliver was married, went up-stairs to dress. Presently she came down, looking her very best, ordered the carriage, and was driven to Madame G—'s, where the usual Wednesday soiree, for birds of Miss Marchmont's feather, was held. The rooms were quite full when she entered, and she was greeted with a chorus of exclamations and rejoicings from her most intimate acquaintances, who were herding together according to their wont, in the first vacant corner they could find, and launching witticisms and criticisms at and upon every one who passed. Miss Marchmont joined them gladly. The sparkling conversation, the jests, the were such a relief, after the enforced solitude of the last week.

"What an idiot I was," she thought to herself, "to shut myself up, even for one single day, for the sake of any man on earth! I have loved and I have lost, it is true. How many of those cloggers around me have done the same, and yet see how they enjoy themselves! The wine of life is not quite at its dregs while I can come here and laugh as heartily as I have done to-night. The past—ah! it is a sickly dream—a pale ray of moonlight. Let it go, and I will take the joyous, rollicking present to my heart, and be merry while I may. This is what I want—gay spirits around me, warm hands to meet my own—and love—love may go to Hong Kong for me 'as the old song says. Come—I am certainly growing young once more!"

As she concluded this inward poem of rejoicing, she looked across the room, and saw Francis Oliver sitting, much at his ease, beside a well-known actress, sister-in-law, and by night while she defended, with her usual red, an absurd theory about the "lost tribes" with which she had become smitten during the course of an Eastern tour. Miss Marchmont started and colored violently, it is true, but recovered her composure in an amazing short time, all things considered. The knowledge of Mr. Oliver's marriage had gone further to cure her of her life-long passion than even she herself was aware of. Without looking at the question from a moral point of view, there is not, after all, much sentiment or romance in loving a married man. He may have been more deeply attached to you than to his wife—he may find it extremely difficult to forget you, but still she has an advantage over you which tells wonderfully in the long run. It is from her, not from you, that all her comforts and indulgences must come. It is her hand, not yours, that must keep the hearth bright, and the home tidy; it is her gentleness that must soothe her kindness that must console him. She is with him by day and by night, while you sit afar off—a pale shadow beside a fair substance of flesh and blood. Is it wonderful that in time he should reward her patient love and faithful tenderness by giving her a closer, warmer place in his heart than she could ever when he loved you most? I think not—and surely no woman can complain at seeing such justice done. But at the same time the almost certain knowledge that this must be so goes very far to cool an affection in many a heart, that would be guilty, if encouraged, and does much to keep the balance of right and wrong more evenly adjusted in this blundering world than they would otherwise be.

Miss Marchmont thought of all these things while she stood looking for a few minutes at her first love's face. Then she took a sudden resolution; she walked across the room, looked straight into his eyes with a pleasant smile, and held out her hand. Mr. Oliver, who had not expected to see her there, and who was surprised for an instant, and colored like a girl, he rose, shook hands with her, fired a parting shot at his antagonist and her ten tribes, and then offered his arm to Miss Marchmont. They went through the next room, and took refuge in a small boudoir well known to the frequenters of Madame G—'s soirees.

"Who would have thought of seeing you here?" he said, as he gave her a seat upon a *le-toi-le-toi* chair, and placed himself opposite.

"Why should I not come?" she asked.

"Oh, they told me you had retired from the world—turned Trappist, or something of that kind!"

"It looks like it, certainly," she replied, glancing down at her evening dress. "I have been hard at work for the last week—that is, I ought to apologize for not answering the note you were kind enough to send me from Stony Cross." He said, after a short, embarrassed silence, "I was asleep when it came. The moment I read it, I set off for the inn—but you had gone."

"Yes," she said, negligently arranging the lace upon her dress. "I was called suddenly back to town. The note was of no consequence except to you. I hope you were a good boy, and took the advice I gave you."

He smiled.

"I went to Lyndhurst soon after."

"And back to Brook—when?" she responded, brusquely. "When did you leave Hampshire?"

"I scarcely recollect—it seems to me a hundred years since I was there."

"Indeed! And how did you leave all the good people?"

"Quite well and happy."

"William Hill?"

"He has gone to America."

"I see! And Miss Kitty?"

"She was—that is to say, she is quite well," stammered Mr. Oliver, turning very red beneath her penetrating glance.

"And you—what are you doing?"

"Not much, just at present."

"Where is the new book you have been promised so long—for a month back, at least?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a comical smile.

"That sounds much more to the purpose."

"How old are you, Mr. Oliver?"

"As if you did not know!"

"Upon my word, if I ever knew, I have quite forgotten. Tell me."

"Thirty-five!"

"You speak it as if it were ninety. Now let me appeal to your good sense."

"Don't! I have not the article—never had."

"Will you listen to me, and ask you if the thirty-fifth year of a man's life is the year in which he ought to sit down, fold his hands before him, and say that his work is done?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If he be as tired of his work as I am, I should say yes, most decidedly."

"But why need you be tired?"

"What a perfect interrogation-point you are making of yourself this evening!"

"Never mind that. Answer."

"Well—I am tired because—because I am tired. That is all the reason I can give upon my honor. I know that the freshness and glory of life have gone forever. I cannot say how or why. I know that I have no longer that faith in the future which you speak of, and that so faithful to me I could my poor tired brains mechanically, it is true, but I seem to produce nothing. I have not patience to read anything I write, except in correcting my proofs, and when a man comes to that pass, two pennyworth of opium is a mild dose of prussic acid is the best remedy for his complaint."

"But other people like to read your stories as well as ever."

"Oh, you are insincere! However, I will not be hard upon you; you are not responsible for what you say. And I know only too well from experience that the state of mind you describe is its own best punishment."

"You have felt it, then; this unutterable disgust, the weariness of everything, and of yourself and your own works most of all?"

"I have, often. And I know of nothing more horrible. It is as if a mother should lose faith in her best-beloved child, and cease to hope for his future, and hereafter. I don't know that there is any remedy for it except time and patience. Time certainly sets all things right."

He sighed.

"Yes. It will matter little a hundred years hence that we have felt this depression, known these disappointments. Yet, after all, that is but poor consolation. A hundred years hence, and our dust will lie quiet enough; but it is now! now!" he added, kindling up, "that we want our reward; now that we want our happiness!"

When I had found this beautiful world, and feel how evidently it was made for a happy race to dwell upon, and then see the misery of every kind and degree that abounds, I grow sick—positively sick! A ruined world, they call it! Oh, they mistake! She is fresh and fair enough. And this Mother Earth of ours, it is we who are wrong—who we are ruined! And we might be so peaceful here!"

"You are a heathen and an earth-worshiper," said Miss Marchmont, coolly. "I suppose you will continue to tell me so. But, then, I think your eyes will be opened to the beauty of another and a more enduring world than this, where all these yearnings will be satisfied—all these heart-pangs stilled."

"You believe in such a world, then?"

"Yes; and so do you."

He did not deny it. He only leaned his head upon his hand, and sighed, with such a look of utter weariness that she took pity on him.

"What can all you! I saw you happy enough, just now, talking with Mrs. H—about her beloved lost tribes."

"Oh, yes! That woman refreshes me. So does any one who has a hobby. I would give the world to find one for myself that I could be content to ride."

"Make one, then."

"'Tis easier said than done. A hobby-horse goes always on four legs—faith, enthusiasm, and hope. And I'm not able to furnish one. Ah, how differently I used to talk to you once. Do you remember—in America?"

"Yes."

She answered rather stiffly, and turned her head away.

"There was something in the very air of those New England mountains that inspired one with belief in the most ridiculous impossibilities. I could have gone on tilting at windmills all my life, I think, if I had remained there. And you were gayer, I think, then than you are here."

"I was sixteen years old then, and now I am almost thirty," was the reply.

"True, truly! Ah, me, how time flies, and how very differently one's life is arranged to what he thinks it will be when he first begins it!"

It was an awkward and dangerous subject for them to touch, and Miss Marchmont felt it so, and maneuvered herself out of the difficulty with great skill.

"Happily there is no need for you to sentimentalize over bygone days, or sigh over the way in which your life has been arranged for you."

"What do you mean?"

"I know a cottage about five miles from London Bridge," she went on, with a mysterious smile; "and in that cottage lives a maiden lady with her housekeeper and her dog. Next to that cottage is another called 'Gau-Eden'—Mr. Oliver started and blushed deeply. "Which is an Eden, indeed, if one may judge from its Adam and Eve. Do you want to know the maiden lady's name?"

He did not answer, but sat looking on the ground, the very picture of confusion.

"It is Olive Marchmont. And to-morrow she is going to call on Adam and Eve. And to-day week she is going to invite them to dinner. Good-night, Mr. Oliver."

She made a sweeping courtesy, and was about to walk away. But he sprang up and stood before her.

"Don't leave me like that. You have discovered my secret. Well, I own that I am married."

"Many thanks for the confession. You make a merit of necessity, like the rest of your amiable sex, and claim credit for doing what you are positively compelled to do. I am ashamed of you, Mr. Oliver."

"I know I have done wrong. I ought, at least, to have told you."

"You ought to have told the public. I am only one of its humble members. And, in its name, I ask you if you have any right to place the woman you love in a false position in its eyes?"

"I know I have not."

"Then, why do you keep your marriage secret?"

"I was married publicly enough, if that is all," he said, bitterly. "Every old farmer—every little child in the parish came to gaze at me on my wedding-day."

"So much the better. But you are aware that a marriage taking place in an obscure country village may not know in London on the same day. Besides, if you are not concealing the fact of your marriage, why do I find you here in the character of a bachelor? Why is not your wife with you?"

He bit his lip, played with his watch-chain a moment, and then it all came out.

"Look here, Miss Marchmont. You are a woman of sense, and will not accuse me of being a monster of cruelty, when I say what I am going to say. Circumstances over which I had no control, forced this marriage upon me. Little Kitty loved me dearly. I don't mind telling you that—and when I found that she had really given her heart to me, I could not, as a man of honor, draw back. Besides, I broke no tie—pained no heart by marrying her. Not a creature on earth loved me before."

He was gazing earnestly in her face as he spoke. If he expected that firmly-set mouth to soften, that steady eye to turn away in confused denial of his statements, he was disappointed.

"Well," she said, coolly, "I quite understand your position. It was the best thing you could do for yourself. I don't think you were half good enough for her, but if she is satisfied all is well."

"She does on me! she worships the very ground I tread on!" he cried, stung by her indifference.

"You are a lucky man. Why don't you give the world at large a peep at your domestic happiness?"

"Ah—there's the rub! Kitty is an angel—but she is also a farmer's daughter. She knows nothing of the rules of society. How can I introduce her? If she should commit any blunder I believe it would kill me!"

"Oh, you men!" burst out Miss Marchmont, with indignation. "Let your vanity should be wounded, and your pride hurt, you condemn that pretty young creature to the dreariest solitude, while you go about enjoying yourself! I tell you I won't have it! You are not going to make her miserable while I can help it. I dare say she is crying her eyes out for you at home this very moment, while you are lamenting over her ignorance of the rules of society! I have no patience with you! And this nonsense must be done away with directly. Tell Mrs. Oliver I am coming to call on her to-morrow morning. Rules of society, indeed! Good-night!"

She went into the next room, turning to herself all the way.

"A pretty scrape I have got myself into!" thought Mr. Oliver, as he left the house. "Confound Miss Marchmont! Why can't she attend to her own business and let mine alone?"

He said nothing to Kitty that night of the threatened invasion; nor could he summon courage to do so the next morning. He went off to town instead, very early, feeling positively afraid to face the visitor, or to witness the meeting.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 259.)

TRIFLES.

BY MRS. JENNINGHAM.

Trifles are as light as air,  
Hard as iron, cold as steel;  
Trifles may be soft and fair,  
Every heart its own woes feel.  
Ask the mother brooding o'er  
Little words her child hath said—  
Words that time cannot restore—  
Her child is sleeping with the dead.  
Trifles! Ask the boy when young,  
Fest within the ivy school,  
As his tears flow from his tongue  
Uttered plaintively by rule.  
When the sunbeams gild each pane,  
Or the winds of heaven play  
If his thoughts turn not in vain  
To the last bright holiday.  
Ask the maiden fair and young  
Why the tear drop stains her cheek;  
Listen when her faltering tongue  
Would your sympathy bespeak.  
Trifles such as wring her soul,  
Glances cold or words unkind,  
Are fragments of a silver bowl—  
Broken links no art can bind.  
Ask the man who, firm and wise,  
Like a giant trends the earth,  
What emotions will arise,  
Or what trifles shape their birth;  
If ambition is his goal,  
Time and tide for no one wait;  
Little things may fret his soul,  
Man is seldom truly great.  
From grains of sand the hills arise;  
Drops of water form the seas;  
Twinkling stars adorn the skies;  
Leaves, buds and flowers adorn the trees.  
The myriad trifles mortals hear—  
All the varied ills of life—  
Often mark the brow with care,  
Records both of pain and strife,  
Hour by hour, and day by day,  
As we tread this mortal coil,  
Every ill will pass away—  
Pleasant rest will follow toil.  
Not always will the night remain,  
Shading earth as with a pall;  
Resignation during pain  
Will teach that God provides for all.

Nobody's Boy:

OR,  
THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO AGAINST A DOZEN.

PETE's surprise and gladness were mingled with consternation at the dangerous position in which his protegee was placed. He had perfect confidence in his own power of dealing with the Indians, but the presence of Minnie complicated the question dreadfully.

And how came she there? By whom and for what purpose had she been carried through the Indian line, at such imminent peril? It was a riddle he was obliged to give up. He could perceive no answer to it.

Yet he had grown very fond of this little girl, and vowed to himself to protect her with his life, as he clasped her firmly in his arms.

Wonder took the place of the gladness in her blue eyes.

"Pete!" she said, in a half-whisper. "Pica-yune Pete! I thought you were in Toledo."

"I came after you, Minnie," was his answer. "I wasn't a-goin' to trust my little Minnie among the Injuns."

The child, in the exuberance of her gratitude, again clasped her arms round Pete's neck, and kissed him. The warm pressure of her lips called up a flush such as the boy's cheek, hardened by a rude life, had seldom known.

All this had passed in less than a minute, thought and feeling moving with lightning speed through their minds in that perilous moment.

"To your horse, Pete!" cried the firm tones of Bill Grubb. "I'm afraid the devils will take the alarm. Who have you got there?"

"Minnie Ellis."

"The blazes you have! Well, that's a queer go. Here they come, lad! Up with you like a feather. Fling me the gal!"

But Pete, disobeying this request, lifted Minnie to his own saddle, and sprang up after her.

"The two of us won't weigh as much as you," he said, as he grasped the reins. "Hang on to this, Minnie. We're goin' to ride hard."

"This way, Pete! There come a dozen of the red villains! Let out, boy! let out! Dig in your heels, Pete! Can't you lead?"

Dark as it had been a few minutes before, the moon had now risen sufficiently to faintly illuminate the scene. A dark, shadowy mass had left the objects of the conflict, and was rapidly approaching. The thud of horses' hoofs on the yielding soil was plainly audible.

But Pete and Bill were now in full flight, Minnie clinging with a firm clasp to the boy's waist.

Their horses had been ridden long and hard that day, but they had wind and muscle yet for a short burst, and they sped at a rattling pace over the level soil of the plain.

The pursuing savages broke into a yell on seeing this flight of their foes. They goaded their ponies on with arrow points in pursuit.

"Ah, burst your copper-lined throats, blast you!" cried the scout. "There's a dozen to two, or there wouldn't be no fight in you. Let out, Pete! It's getting kind of risky."

As Pete again dug his heels desperately into his horse's ribs, an arrow whizzed past his ear, much too close for comfort.

"Hit, Pete!" cried Bill, anxiously.

"No. Just heered a whistle in my ear."

"Got a sharp scratch on my neck," said the scout. "The bounds are close shooters. Head for the timber, lad; it's our best chance."

They were riding parallel to the line of timber, about fifty yards distant. The pursuers were somewhat nearer the woodland, and seemed trying to head the fugitives from this passage.

The latter had to ride, therefore, in an oblique direction, to reach the long line of trees that rose darkly to their left.

The savages at once divined their intention, and headed them in, hoping to intercept them.

Pursuers and pursued now shot out at race-course speed, the dull beat of hoofs on the yielding surface of the plain being the only sound audible.

The savage yells, which a minute before had rent the air, were stilled. They had no time nor energy to waste in noise. Nor was the fierce riders bent to the pursuit.

In that perilous moment the horses of Bill Grubb showed their mettle. Worn out as they were they ran as if fresh from a night's rest.

Slowly but surely they forged ahead of their pursuers. Foot by foot the wood was neared. For ten minutes the stirring chase continued. At the end of that time the horses of the fugitives were within ten feet of the timber, and fifty yards in advance of their pursuers.

The wagon train was left from two to three miles behind them.

With a shout of derision Bill rose in his saddle, and waved his hand to the savages.

"Come on, you copper-colored devils!" he shouted. "Come on, my handsome neighbors! Come on, sweethearts! Speak, why don't you, you devils' imps!"

Pete added his shrill tones of derision to the voice of the scout. He could feel Minnie trembling as she clasped him with nervous force.

"Keep up your spirits, gal," he whispered. "Bill and me ain't afraid of 'em."

These insulting cries were answered by the savages with a fierce peal of yells. A rifle-bell whistled past Bill's ear. They were not armed alone with arrows.

"Strike in, Pete! Strike in!" cried the scout. "They're sending lead after us. Never saw Injuns shoot so close on horseback. Head in!"

A leap or two more of the exhausted horses, and the dark line of the timber was entered. The low brush cracked under their iron hoofs. Tall trees shot past them.

They rode for twenty paces under the dark, umbrageous arches.

"Halt!" was Bill's next command. "To the ground, Pete. The horses are played. Leave the gal here. Fetch your shooting-iron. We've got to tree, and have a little confab with these gentlemen."

This order was obeyed as soon as given. The scout led the way to the edge of the timber, and hid his muscular frame behind a huge cottonwood tree. Pete lost no time in following his example.

It was scarcely a minute since they had entered the timber.

Their pursuers had come to a halt just outside their position. The moon had now got clear of the horizon, and threw a faint light through the trees upon the cluster of savages. Its full light struck the plain some distance beyond.

"Draw a bead on them, Pete," whispered Bill, excitedly. "Take the tall fellow with the feather. I've got my man."



companion gave new confidence to his young soul. He waited with the patience of an old frontiersman.

Minute followed minute. Faint sounds could be heard in the wood as if persons or animals were moving through it. The savages who had ridden out to the plain had disappeared from sight. How many of them had taken to the shelter of the trees could not be told.

The moon was momentarily rising higher, and its clear luster penetrating the open arches of the woodland. The strip of timber was but narrow, and the moonlight easily found avenues through it from the east.

Pete felt something rubbing against his legs, and looked down in startled surprise.

His eyes caught the small form of Nicodemus, whom, for some time, he had lost sight of.

The dog ran out toward the center of the woods, and then returned to him, as if asking him to follow.

Now Pete could imagine what this movement meant, new reports of rifles were heard. Shots from two different directions passed them. They were surrounded by their foes.

"Skin me, Pete, but this looks squally," whispered Bill. "Stoop, lad, and look for the glimmer of an eye."

Shot after shot hurtled past them. The foe was evidently working nearer. There seemed to be at least a dozen of the savages. No answer was returned to the Indian fire.

Suddenly the scout raised his weapon. The clear voice of the rifle cracked through the woods. The sound of a falling body was heard.

"Clean through the eye," said Bill, as he proceeded hastily to reload. "That's one of the devils gone under. But this is getting hot, boy, and I'm growing afraid for the gal and our hosses. Let's snake back into the woods a bit."

With a half-creeping, half-gliding motion, they slipped back from tree to tree, avoiding noise and exposure to the moonlight as much as possible.

Nicodemus seemed overjoyed by this movement, and ran gladly before them, giving vent to an incipient bark, which was nipped in the bud by a sharp tap from Pete's hand.

The shots of the savages continued at intervals, but they had evidently not discovered this new movement, and were firing at the old position of their foes. Their object seemed to be to distract and confuse them.

"Here's the hosses, Pete," whispered the scout.

"There's only one hoss!" answered Pete, springing forward, with little regard to caution. "And the gal's gone! Minnie's gone! Do you know what's up, Nick?" he asked the excited dog.

The intelligent animal replied by running toward the eastern border of the wood. Pete followed, with leveled rifle.

At the same moment a loud uproar was heard in the plain to the west. Shots, rifle-shots, and the noise of a throng of flying horses, broke on the still night air.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A BRAVE BOY'S FEAT.

The scout, leaving his young companion to proceed alone, listened eagerly to the sounds from the open plain. These were not Indian yells he heard, but the ringing cheers of white men.

There was a rushing sound, as if a throng of horsemen was driving past at utmost speed. Incessant reports of rifles and revolvers rent the air. The triumphant shouts proclaimed victory for the whites.

"Lay on, lads! Lay on!" cried a loud voice, audible above all the noise. "Give it to them! Don't let a hoof or a scalp-lock escape! Bury the lead in their bloody hides!"

The emigrants had evidently driven off their foes, and a mounted party was fiercely pursuing them.

Bill Grubb, with an answering shout, rushed back to the edge of the wood. Out upon the plain he could see the foe in full flight, followed by a dozen of the whites, who loaded and fired as they rode.

Every shot from those trained borderers killed or wounded its man. The Indians fled as if possessed with a panic.

Those who had been besieging himself and Pete in the wood had taken the alarm, and were now riding rapidly in the shadow of the trees, several of them just opposite his position.

A shot from the scout's rifle emptied the saddle of the hindmost of these.

With a loud shout of triumph he sprang for the bewildered horse, which had stopped by the body of its slain rider.

In an instant he was mounted, and urging the animal on with hand and heel, leading his rifle as he rode like a whirlwind in the wake of the flying savages.

"Pile it into them!" he shouted to his friends at a distance. "The 'tarnal, copper-colored prairie rats! Give them no quarter. Shoot them like you would wolves or grizzlies!"

The pursuing whites answered the voice of this unknown but welcome ally with redoubled cheers. The pursuit continued at a furious pace over the plain, the ponies of the Indians gradually gaining upon the heavily-limbed draught horses of their antagonists.

All thought of his young companion had vanished from the scout's mind in the excitement of the chase. More than one savage bit the dust, from his unerring rifle, as he continued to load and fire.

He had all the skill of an Indian in this difficult performance.

Mounted on one of the swiftest of the Indian ponies, he had drawn ahead of the other pursuers, and was riding almost alone, in the rear of the savages.

"Halt!" was the cry that broke from the midst of the emigrant party. "They're out of our reach. If we follow too far they may gain heart and double on us. Best scud back to the wagons."

Bill heard this recall, but he rammed his bullet home, and drew a bead on another of the fugitives before turning.

"Don't be afraid of them!" he cried, as he wheeled his horse around and rode for the halted party. "They won't draw rein for the next five miles. They're vuss skeered than a pack of antelopes. Blame their ugly pickers, they've got a settler."

He rode up to the small troop, who were halted in the clear moonlight, looking toward him with curious interest.

"Tom Wilson among you?" he asked, as he rode up.

"Yes," answered a stalwart man, riding out to meet him. "I'm that critter. Close up, and let's see your phiz. Ought to know that voice."

"Guess you know me, Tom," said the scout, riding up with outstretched hand.

"Bill Grubb, or I'm a catamount!" roared Tom, grasping the hand of the scout with a clutch that would have broken the bones of del-

icate fingers. "What the thunder brings you here in the nick of time? You're always turning up just when you're wanted, Bill."

"Bet I am," said Bill, releasing his hand. "Know it's Tom Wilson now, if I didn't before. It's only one man that's got them cast-iron fingers."

"This is Bill Grubb, gentlemen," said Tom. "He's a hoss. Guess you've heard of him if you ever set foot on the plains afore. Where away, old cronny?"

"I'm at home now, Tom. I was after you fellows."

"Not on foot, I reckon! That's an Injun critter you've got there."

"No. Left my horse in the timber. And a sharp little monkey of a boy with him. By Jehosaphat, I forgot all about Pete. Had one of your train youngsters in tow. A little gal called Minnie Ellis."

"Minnie Ellis?" said Tom, in wonder.

"Yes. We left her with the hosses. 'Spect they've gobbled the plucky little rascal too. This way, Tom; we must see what's goin' on."

"Minnie Ellis is in a wagon in the train," said a young man, riding forward.

It was her cousin, William Denton.

"The blazes she is!" said Bill, looking keenly in his face. "Then my eyes ain't worth shucks, for I seed her not twenty minutes ago."

"You must be mistaken," said another person, a tall, heavily-bearded man. "I saw the child while the fight was going on. She was peering out of the wagon, and I warned her to keep inside."

"And I tell you then that there's some confounded deviltry at work in your camp. Some rascal cut through the Injun lines with her, and dropped her on the edge of the timber. He'd gone under only for Pete and me."

"I saw the fellow break through, and felt like dropping a bullet after him. Had some thing in his arms, but I did not see what."

This was spoken by a person further back in the throng.

"Blasted queer!" growled Tom Wilson. "Did you know the chap?"

"No. He shot through like a streak."

"This way, Tom," said Bill, heading his horse for the wood. "The boy's game, but he might want some help."

"Make back for the camp, boys," said Tom. "You might be wanted there. Reckon we'll be on your trail in a whiff."

The two scouts were soon buried in the timber, the crackling of bushes marking their progress.

The others turned and rode back toward the camp.

But we must return to Pete, whom we left just starting in search of Minnie.

Nicodemus still led the way, with his nose to the ground. He seemed tracking some one by scent. Pete had such confidence in the ability of his dog that he felt sure that he was on Minnie's track.

It occurred to him now that he had heard a faint, stifled cry during the fight. In his excitement at the time he had not realized its significance. Now a sickening fear came upon him as he seemed to see Minnie in the arms of a force savage, perhaps already slain.

He sprang forward, with redoubled speed, trailing his rifle as he ran, while Nicodemus still led the way.

"Seek her, Nick, seek her, my old friend," cried Pete. "It's Minnie, old fellow. It's the little gal we fetched from Kurnel Green. Ain't goin' to let no Injun gobble her up, Nick. Not if you and me knows it. Hey, old dog! Make your trotters twinkle, Nicodemus. I like you, dog, blowed if I don't. But I like that gal better."

There was no jocularity in Pete's voice, but hard, dry earnest, as he thus urged on the dog. He had not felt before the full strength of his attraction to the girl. From original dislike it had grown into almost worship.

He was not a minute in crossing the almost dry bed of the stream, and reaching the further edge of the timber.

The dog's trained senses were no longer needed. There, at no great distance in the moonlit plain, was the horse he had himself ridden, its saddle now occupied by an Indian warrior. Minnie was not visible, but what seemed the skirt of a child's dress showed by the side of the warrior.

A faint cry came like the blast of a trumpet to Pete's ears. He knew those accents well, and rushed across the plain with a speed that had often excited the envy of the boys of Toledo.

The worn-out horse which the Indian rode was not able to distance this rapid speed of his pursuer.

Nicodemus had shot like a comet across the plain, and was already in front of the horse, barking loudly, and distracting the movements of the animal.

The Indian fixed an arrow to the string of his bow, and shot at the leaping dog. But Nicodemus only dashed and barked the more fiercely after this murderous assault.

"Hold up there, you blasted red-skinned, white-livered Injun!" cried Pete, in emulation of the scout's epithets. "Drop that gal, or I'll bore you like a gimlet-hole through a pine shaft. Dropper, you thunderin' baby-stealer, if you know when you're well off!"

The savage replied with a gesture of derision, and swung the child behind him on the saddle, using her as a shield.

Pete had several times raised his rifle, and lowered it again for fear of wounding Minnie. Now he dared not fire. He ran, however, with undiminished speed, gaining somewhat on the fugitive.

A yell of defiance broke from the lips of the latter. He goaded the horse on with the keen point of an arrow.

Nicodemus, at the same moment, made a more vigorous assault upon the animal. The exhausted steed, confused by these conflicting causes, stumbled and fell sideways to the plain, flinging his rider with a hard shock to the ground.

Minnie was saved from hurt by falling on the body of the prostrate savage.

In an instant the latter was on his feet, knife in hand, and the glare of a demon in his eyes.

He caught the child by the long, yellow hair, waved the keen blade significantly round her head, and glanced at Pete with an insulting laugh.

His savage soul was doubtless amused on seeing that his bold pursuer was but a half-grown boy. Yet what Pete had said on a former occasion was true—a boy with a rifle might prove the match of a giant.

The Indian again significantly waved his deadly knife. Minnie's eyes were turned upon Pete with a look of appealing terror, which he could recognize even at that distance.

Yet nothing could have saved the child from the bloodthirsty intentions of the savage, but for the aid of an unthought-of ally.

As he raised his weapon for the third time with deadly meaning in his eyes, Nicodemus buried his sharp teeth in the leg of the warrior.

With a cry of pain the latter turned fiercely round.

That moment was his last. The only two beings Pete loved in the world were in imminent peril. He stopped suddenly in his flight, and stood for a single instant as firm and motionless as a stone statue.

Less than twenty paces separated him from the Indian. Thought was not quicker than his aim. The savage had not fairly turned ere a rifle bullet crashed through his brain. He fell headlong to the ground, a dead man.

"Saved again, Minnie!" cried Pete, joyfully. "That Injun won't go for no gal's hair ag'in, I bet."

The child was in an instant beside her deliverer, her arms clasped round him.

"Oh, Pete!" she cried, lifting her eyes, wet full of terror, to his. "Oh, that was dreadful! You must never leave me again, Pete. He would have killed me only for you, my dear, good Pete!"

A strong shudder shook her frame as her arms twined firmly about him.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

The fallen horse lost no time in scrambling again to his feet, and stood in a drooping attitude beside the dead body of the red-skin who so lately had ridden him.

Not so Nicodemus. He seemed to fully comprehend and to be overjoyed at the rescue, and frisked about Pete and Minnie as if asking that he might be allowed to share in their happiness.

A jolly old dog you are, Nick, I'll say that much for you," said Pete, encouragingly. "Just think, Minnie. The cute old fellow trailed you from the woods, and led me straight as a die on the Injun's track. Ain't many dogs like him; and I know what a dog is 'bout as well as the next boy."

"Good Nicodemus," said Minnie, throwing her arms round the dog's neck, a liberty he was not usually inclined to submit to. "You're a dear, good creature, just like your master."

"Now, now, gal, none of that," said Pete, half-offended. "Don't like no soft-soap of that kind. I ain't dear, nor good. I'm a reg'lar little street rascal, and you know it."

"You are dear, and you are good, and I like you ever so much," she persisted. "I wouldn't let anybody else run you down, and I won't let you run yourself down. You're a dear, good, old Pete."

"Who was the fellow that carried you out of the camp, and what for?" asked Pete, desirous of changing the subject. "The risky rascal liked to get him and you both a settler."

"I don't know," she said, with a shudder. "He dragged me out of the wagon, wrapped me up so that I could not speak, and ran with me in his arms. I did not know where he took me, only that I could hear the Indians yelling and rifle shots all round us. The first I knew was when you picked me up."

"Well, that's queer enough," said Pete, reflectively. "Do you know who he was?"

"No, I did not see his face, he muffled me up so quickly."

"Looks deuced like some galsot tryin' to git rid of you ag'in. Wants lookin' into. Lucky Ploayune Pete was loafin' about jist then. I'm goin' to keep an eye on you till you git to California, and if anybody comes sich a game as that ag'in, sell me out, that's all."

"I don't fear any harm while you are about," said Minnie. "You have been so good to me, and have saved me so often. But is it not dangerous here?"

"Not a bit. They are all t'other side the timber."

"But I can't bear to look at that dead Indian. He looks horrible with the moonlight on his face. Let us leave this dreadful place. To think that you killed him, too!"

"Couldn't help it, Minnie," said Pete. "It was him or you. Guess you're worth a tribe of sich hounds as that."

They proceeded slowly toward the woods, the horse following.

They had nearly reached the line of trees when the sound of trampling hoofs admonished them of possible peril.

Behind Minnie quickly after him, Pete sprang behind a tree, instinctively raising his rifle. It was empty! He had neglected to reload after shooting the Indian.

A pang of remorse at a negligence which might prove fatal affected him. He drew his pistol, and prepared to sell his life dearly. Minnie crouched on the ground beside him.

The horsemen broke from the timber just before him.

"There's my hoss, sure enough. But where's Pete?" cried a well-known voice.

"Somebody's left his mark here. There's dead Injun," said another.

"Who is it?" whispered Minnie. "Those are not Indians."

"Here I am, Bill," said Pete, springing into the open space. "Alive and kickin' yit, and good for a baker's dozen of the red rascals. And here's Nicodemus. Reckon you've fetched that dog afore. If he ain't showed his fetchin' to-night, I'll cave. And last and best here's the gal, Minnie Ellis. Said I'd go for her, and Pete don't brag. It's my hand-writing on that Injun."

"If you don't brag, you blow, and that's about as bad," growled the coarse voice of Tom Wilson. "You've 'art the right though, so blow away, my spruce youngster. That's the child, sure enough. I'd give a cow to know who stole her out of camp."

"Maybe she can tell you herself," said Bill. "Can't do it," said Pete. "We've been havin' a little confab about that bizness. She was stole, that's square enough. But she can't put a name to the blamed thief."

"I did not see his face," spoke the musical voice of Minnie. "He did not speak."

"There's a traitor in the camp, sure as shooting," cried Tom. "But we'll rake him up and scorch him. Come, boy, jump on your hoss, and take the gal with you. We must be making back tracks for camp."

Pete needed no second order. He was soon mounted, with Minnie clasping his waist from behind.

The horses were turned and again entered the timber, the scout securing his own horse as they passed through.

The animal Pete rode was too nearly worn out for any rapid movement, and he transferred himself and companion to the scout's horse, which was fresher, leaving his own to follow at his leisure.

The few miles which separated them from the camp were soon passed over, and they drove in behind the intrenchment of wagons, which had so well served the emigrants.

The remainder of the party was already there, and the return of the scouts was hailed with cheers.

There were several women and children in the wagons, by whom the return of Minnie was warmly welcomed. They were disposed to lionize Pete, after the story of the rescue had been told; a feeling which was shared by many of the men.

But the boy was in no mood for fooling, as he called it, and soon crept out of sight in the bottom of a wagon, and was lost in slumber.

It was not long before the whole camp was indulging in that sleep from which the Indian raid had, so far, hindered them.

The horses were left to crop the thin grass outside the wagons, no fear being now felt of a return of the savages. Two or three sentinels were posted, however, as a safeguard against possible danger.

The scouts, Bill and Tom, remained for an hour in close conversation, before they sought the much-needed slumber in which their weary brethren were indulging.

"We've got to keep our eyes skinned," was Tom's concluding remark. "He was a risky critter, that's certain, to run, afoot, through a line of mounted Injuns. He either didn't know the danger, or else there's a spice of the devil in him. There was a feller seen to come back into camp from the timber, jist as we were taking to horse to chase the red-skins. Everybody was too busy then to take notice to him."

"A traitor in the camp is a mighty bad bizness," replied Bill. "He's got to be freed, that's all. Right sure it wasn't that relation of the g's."

"Yes. I know it wasn't."

"Then I'll go my rifle on it, that Colonel Green is among you. He's as cute as a fox, and he's got more faces than a looking-glass. I don't owe him no good will, and I'm going to lay low for him. Don't calculate he'll shet my eye up long."

The next morning dawned bright. There had been no new alarm during the night, and the plain now, as far as eye could reach, was clear of Indian sign.

While the women prepared a hasty breakfast, the men were engaged in harnessing the horses and getting ready for a start.

The party consisted of twenty-five men and five women, besides several children. Some of the men had received wounds in the fight, but only two were hurt seriously enough to disable them from walking.

These had beds arranged for them in the wagons, and the sun was not an hour high ere the train was again in motion.

"Guess the bloody Cheyennes will let us alone to-day," said Tom, as his keen glance scanned the horizon. "Ain't a feather or a scalp-lock inside of five miles."

"There's worse danger inside than outside the train," was Bill's remark, as he left his friend, and proceeded slowly through the line of wagons.

Every member of the expedition was successively but furtively examined by his keen glance. Half the day was occupied in this duty.

"Can't make it out," he said to Tom. "If the colonel's here, he's a huckleberry above me. Who are them hurt men? Didn't see them."

"They're safe enough. One of them's Jack Price, who I've knowed for years. T'other's that red-whiskered feller that you saw in the fight last night. Him that said he saw the gal peeping out of the wagon. He's sound, too."

"Then I'm dished, so far—that's all," said Bill.

Pete, meanwhile, was occupying himself in a similar investigation, and with equally poor success.

He spent much time in conversation with Minnie, whose penchant for him continued in full force.

Pete was thoroughly happy, and enjoyed the expedition with the keenest zest.

Several days passed, and nothing had been discovered.

The boy watched William Denton closely, and was rewarded, one evening, by seeing him approach a wagon that contained one of the wounded men.

It was not a minute before Pete's hands and knees had placed him under the wagon.

"It's twice dropped through," he heard Denton say, in whispered tones, "thanks to that cursed boy. Don't let the third time fail."

"Not if it's in the wood," came a low voice from the wagon.

Pete crouched lower, and listened intently. (To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

## The Mad Pilot.

### THE STORY OF A GIRL'S HEROISM.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"We are lost!"

A startling exclamation; a wild, exciting scene.

Above, the tempest-tossed heavens; below, the mad, foaming sea.

Night had already set in—a night of fearful gloom—and, save from the dazzling glare of lightning's constant flash, darkness covered alike the brave ship and the surf-lashed rocks, the mad sea and the stormy sky; while on, on dashed the cruiser "Sea-Spray," commanded by Captain Lord Edgar Vane, now off the rock-bound coast of Slyn Head, without a pilot, drifting at the mercy of storm and wind.

That day Captain Vane had obtained the services of the coast-renowned pilot, Casper Sturm, for the purpose of entering the little harbor of Wildmere, that was accessible only through the crooked and dangerous passage known as the "Pass of Death," hoping to reach port before nightfall; but, retarded by a strong head-wind, he failed to reach his destination at the expected time; and as the day drew to a close, great inky-black clouds rose on the western horizon, when a coast storm suddenly burst upon them in all its terrible fury. Still, with an efficient pilot, haven might be safely reached. But, as if to fill the measure of their misfortunes, and sign their doom as well, old Casper, who had acted strangely all day, when the storm approached, grew restless and uneasy; and as it broke upon them, he became wilder and fiercer, rushing furiously to and fro, as the elements increased in fury, shouting, shrieking with maniacal glee, tearing his long, tangled hair down over his then livid face, and frothing at the mouth—a raving madman!

With some difficulty the maniac was seized and lashed to the ship's rigging, when the "Sea-Spray" was without a pilot, dashing madly on to certain destruction in the "Pass of Death."

The storm all the while growing wilder and fiercer; lurid flashes of lightning shot athwart the sky in rapid succession, followed by deafening peals of thunder that seemed to rend the very heavens; and the foam-created waves lashed in wild fury the surf-tossed rocks and reefs; while the wind, with its giant power, swept the ill-fated brig down upon the hidden crags and towering cliffs, where breakers dashed and roared in frightful, tempestuous madness, with fearful speed.

All in vain were the efforts of the gallant crew to obey the wild orders of their commander to lay the brig to the wind, for not a sail would hold an instant, until they succeeded in getting up a storm stay-sail, when the ship bore nobly up against the tempest-lashed sea. But even then the power of the in-setting waves was fast driving her upon the rock-bound shore. Soon would she be hurled upon the breakers—a floating wreck!

"Good God! we are lost!"

"Is there no one here who knows the passages?" almost gasped the second officer, as the light on Wildmere's cliff suddenly shone in sight, and a vivid flash of lightning displayed with startling distinctness the awful danger of their perilous situation.

"A thousand pounds to the man who will pilot us safe into Wildmere Harbor!" cried Captain Vane.

A moment, and no man had accepted the offer—that offer upon which not only wealth, but life was depending. None in all that hardy crew knew the secret windings of that perilous passage through the jaws of Death to a haven of safety. As if mocking their distress, the tempest rose higher and higher. Hope was—hold! almost drowned by the storm's tumultuous roar, sounding low and thud, yet, with womanly sharpness in it, a voice exclaimed:







## WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE.

BY EREN R. HEXTFORD.

"When can I claim this hand as mine for the heart I gave to you?" she answered me, "but think when dreams come true!"

"Oh, sing your last new song to me, about Love's summer skies!"

"I'll sing it if you'll pay my price. A kiss the ballad buys."

"I'll pay the price," she blushing cried. My little song I sung; And at its end she paid her debt. The gray old world grew young!

"I think you'll keep your word?" I said. "I surely will," said she.

"Then I can claim your hand, dear heart. A dream's come true to me."

"Last night I dreamed I roamed the world, a minstrel, and I sung A song that drew an angel down, the raptured crowd among."

"And when it ended, on my lips she laid a burning kiss."

"'Tis all I have to give," she said, "for song as sweet as this."

"You are an angel, and you pay in kisses for my lay."

"My dream's come true, your hand I claim—" "Ah, claim it any day!"

## Great Captains.

## NEY,

## "BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

To write the story of Ney's life is to give much of the military history of France for fifteen years, from Napoleon's Egyptian campaign to his final fall at Waterloo. Springing, literally, from the ranks, unadorned by family name, and unaided by official influence, he fought his way to fame and made a name that, among the brilliant group of the Emperor's captains, none shines with a clearer luster. He lived a soldier's life and died a soldier's death—an exemplar of valor, devotion and efficiency, in whose glorious career and tragic death the biographer and historian have a subject of surpassing interest.

Michael Ney came of humble parentage. Born at Sarre Louis, in the department of the Moselle, in the year 1769, he received but scant education, and at thirteen was apprenticed to a village notary—the most stupid and uneventful of callings for one of Michael's resolute nature, and from which he broke away, in 1787, by enlisting in the ranks of a hussar regiment.

The young hussar's courage and activity soon became conspicuous, and he was rapidly advanced, until, in 1794, he was made captain, and given a picked corps of five hundred men, to do hazardous and thorough work. Serving under Kleber, at La Vendée and in Germany, he won the confidence and admiration of that excellent general, by whom Ney was christened "the Indefatigable," and soon was made adjutant-general.

He was present at the great battle of Neuwied (1796), and contributed essentially to the victory which placed the Prussian side of the Rhine in French possession. The battles of Alten-Kirchen, Montabaur and Dierdorf that followed gave the French additional glory, of which Ney received a full share, for his conduct was notably distinguished. At Dierdorf (Diernsdorff) he was taken prisoner in one of his impetuous charges, but was soon exchanged and returned to the Army of the Rhine.

At Würzburg he achieved a general's command by a brilliant exploit. With his picked corps he swept through the town, taking it and two thousand prisoners. He was commissioned general, and in the exercise of his powers acted with commendable humanity toward the French "émigrés" (royalists and proscribed citizens) who had found in Germany a refuge from the bloody vengeance and brutal passion of the infamous Directory. The forlorn situation of these exiles—many of them illustrious persons—excited his deepest commiseration, and, instead of hunting them down to deliver them over to the Directory's ferocity, he so arranged as to give them warning of arrest and to permit their escape. This act perilled his military position and his life, for the cry for blood from the crazed hordes who swarmed from all the provinces into Paris, was answered by such monsters as Marat, Danton, Robespierre and their scarcely less inhuman successors, with daily "exhibitions" on the guillotine of those who befriended royalists. Moreau, then commanding the army of the Rhine, found in Ney a coadjutor, for, like Ney, he was a sincere patriot, who equally detested and dreaded the reigning "Directory."

In Moreau's memorable campaign into and retreat from Germany through the Black Forest, Ney participated as general of division. In the surprise and capture of Mannheim (March 12th, 1799)—in the engagements at Worms and Frankenthal, and the capture of the German and Austrian artillery at the notable battle of Iller (June 5th, 1800), Ney was the hero, and at the fierce and magnificently fought battle of Hohenlinden, in Bavaria, his superb charge upon a column of Austrians, by which he drove them back, in disorder, into the forest, contributed essentially to Moreau's signal victory. The Austrians sought for terms, and the "Peace of Lunéville" followed, Feb. 9th, 1801; after which Ney returned to Paris.

Napoleon had then fully acceded to power. The old "Directory" had been abolished by the famous act of Nov. 9th, 1799, and the "Consulship" formed—three Consuls, of which Napoleon was first, and the others, Cambaceres and Lebrun, his mere echoes. Placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, the First Consul made the incredible march over the Alps, defeated the Austrians at the decisive battle of Marengo (June 14th, 1800), and then returned quickly to Paris. This, with Moreau's victory at Hohenlinden, as stated, forced the Austrians to peace, and so strengthened Napoleon's position that he virtually was the government. The peace with England in 1802, (treaty of Amiens), ended the second war of the French Revolution, and Napoleon was then formally proclaimed Consul for life—a thin disguise, indeed, for Emperor, and but the mere blind to the assumption of supreme and irrepressible power, in 1804.

Proceeding to Paris, in 1801, Ney was cordially received by the Consul, and at once introduced to a distinguished society, of which the soldier had seen but little during his life. The beautiful women who then adorned the "court of Napoleon" made Paris quite as famous, socially, as the national convention had made it noted politically. Josephine, and her daughter Hortense; Napoleon's sisters, Pauline, (the most beautiful woman in Europe), Caroline and Eliza; Madame de Staël; Mesdames Recamier, Junot, Lavallette, Larochefoucauld, Tallien, Duchesse d'Angoulême, St. Hillaire, Regnaud—were gay or brilliant women, leading gay or brilliant lives. With these queens of

beauty the impetuous hussar became a favorite, for women, no matter how timid and tender, always admire courage. Napoleon, exceedingly sagacious even in small matters, wished to attach Ney to his fortunes, and doubtless instructed Josephine to make secure the hussar general's devotion by marrying him to one of the ladies of the court. This was done. Mademoiselle Augie, a very lovely girl, and intimate friend of Josephine's beautiful daughter, Hortense, became "interested" in the soldier, and a match was soon made.

Ney was appointed, (1803), minister plenipotentiary of the "French Republic" to Switzerland. The choice of a soldier for this armed mission was due to Napoleon's remarkable penetration of character, by which he always seemed to select the inevitable best man for the work to be performed. Ney so adjusted the delicate relations between the two republics, that, upon the close of his mission, when leaving for Paris, Ney was presented by the Swiss representatives, in the name of the people, with a medal, expressing their esteem for his character and conduct.

Napoleon now having matured his scheme for attaining supreme authority, by the assumption of the title and prerogatives of Emperor, had been busily preparing for the event by perfecting his army. The new rupture with Great Britain both perfectly hid his design, and, by creating a new peril, made a greater concentration of authority, seemingly, essential to the best interests of France. Ney, having returned from Switzerland, was assigned to the army designed to watch the British then encamped near Boulogne. Probably he was enough in the Consul's confidence to be aware of the impending change, (more in form than in fact, for Napoleon had been virtual Emperor since his accession to the life Consulship in 1802); and when the Empire was formally declared, in May, the Emperor announced, immediately, a list of "Marshals of the Empire." It included Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Massena, Angereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, and Bessières—all men of tested valor and capacity, and known to be devoted to Napoleon's fortunes. These appointments attached the army to him and made sure his hold upon the crown. As for each marshal an army corps was necessary, it developed, to discerning eyes, the gigantic schemes that were even then forming in the Corsican's fertile brain.

Following this came the inauguration of the Legion of Honor, to whose corps was a signet of valor and devotion. France. The first distribution of the cross was an imposing and significant pageant. July 15th the solemn consecration of the cross of the Legion took place in the church of the Invalides. The cardinal legate in person officiated. August 15th Napoleon appeared at the Boulogne camp, and in the presence of that army (80,000) distributed the cross. Ney was one of the recipients.

The campaign of 1805 has been characterized as a striking exhibition of Napoleon's military genius. All summer he dallied with the combined powers while his preparations for war were perfecting. He was ready in September, and on the 25-26th his "grand army" crossed the Rhine. Ney, with the 8th corps, had the advance, and on October 4th met the Austrians in force at Elchingen, under General Lendon. Ney, with impetuous valor, carried their defenses, killing and wounding 1500, and taking 2,000 prisoners. It was the first blow of a most momentous movement into the heart of Europe. Napoleon in person witnessed the assault, and for its success created Ney Duke of Elchingen. Then, in the allotted work, having contributed to the capitulation of the giant fortress at Ulm, he marched into Tyrol, occupied it, and was en route into Corinthia, when the Peace of Presburg arrested his daring progress.

Victory followed victory. Such superb mastery of men and combinations of movement Europe never before had beheld. The Austrians and Russians could make no plan that Napoleon did not thwart. So quick were his strokes, and so tremendous his successes, that, on November 13th, Murat entered Vienna and Napoleon occupied the Austrian emperor's palace at Schonbrunn.

In Austria the French remained until, by the Peace of Presburg (December 26th), Austria was shorn of some of her fine provinces to the aggrandizement of Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg—which States had co-operated with the French. Prussia, for her neutrality, was given Hanover, the private possession of George III., of England, and by this gift the astute Napoleon antagonized Prussia and England. He was emphatically master of the situation; prince, king, emperor and czar all were his playthings. No wonder the French Senate formally conferred on him the title of Great.

Then ensued the more brilliant and more elaborate campaign of 1806-7. The aroused powers, Prussia, Austria and Russia, thoroughly alarmed at the "usurper's" tremendous advances, strove, by a coalition, against their common enemy, to drive him from the Rhine; while England, making common cause, brought her tremendous naval power into the contest. Napoleon was ready. His armies were magnificent, their generals eager in emulation, and almost fierce for glory, and the troops enthusiastic, confident and devoted. To men and leaders alike Napoleon was an inspiration; their trust in his genius complete.

Ney now burst forth in all his glory. He led his corps in person with such courage, audacity and skill as to become the very personation of war. His reputation rose. If less in the greatness of strategy and generalship than some of the other marshals, he was more in the power of his personal influence; where he moved there was the sternest work; and Napoleon looked to him for results with an assurance that was the marshal's proudest reward. To note the numerous actions in which he participated, or to indicate the part he performed is not within the compass of a sketch like this. At Erfurt, October 15th, he forced a capitulation. At Magdeburg, November 11th, he had the honor of receiving 20,000 prisoners and 800 pieces of cannon. At the passage of the Vistula he was like an eagle in the swoop of his terrible columns. At the taking of Thorn his corps dealt the crushing blow; he witnessed the almost total destruction of the Prussian corps at Deppen (February 5th, 1807); he gave the enemy the staggering stroke at Schmeddigen, by which the Russian retreat to Königsberg was cut off; and launched the thunderbolt at the general battle of Friedland (June 14th), under Napoleon's field command, that doubled up and broke the enemy's left wing. That defeat brought the allies to terms, and the peace of Tilsit (July 7-9th) was a new witness of czar, emperor and king's humiliation.

The cloud destined eventually to eclipse Napoleon's sun was then just apparent in Portugal, where Junot was in chief command. He was beaten by Sir Arthur Wellesley (Wellington), and forced to retire. Massena was instantly dispatched by Napoleon to retrieve this ill-fortune and to stay Wellesley's progress. [See our paper on Wellington.] Ney

was (September, 1808) sent to aid Massena, and there fought with additional glory; but the two French generals could not agree, and Ney was recalled, after playing a fine part in the retreat from Wellington's line of Torres Vedras, and in the actions that succeeded. Massena was soon superseded by Marmont.

To strike terror into the new combinations in central Europe, Napoleon planned his Russian campaign of 1812. Ney was given command of the 3d corps. He was almost irresistible. At Smolensk, Aug. 17th—at Valen-tia, Aug. 19th, and at the fearfully sanguinary battle of the Moskova, Sept. 14th, Ney was "the bravest of the brave" declared Napoleon, and received from his chief the title of Prince of Moskova.

But it was in the retreat from Moscow that Ney was greatest. In that awful event he is a central figure. It was Ney who, as rear-guard, beat back the hordes of the infuriated and exultant enemy. It was Ney who never quailed even in the days of most appalling disaster, suffering and loss. He was, apparently, sleepless, tireless, exhaustless in courage, and still undaunted when all was lost. Though the tale of the retreat inspires a feeling of sickening horror, Ney rises above it all as superior even to disaster.

In the campaign of 1813 [see our paper on Blücher], put to the front, he was greatly instrumental in winning the victories of Bautzen, Lutzen and Dresden, but at the battle of Danneviw (Sept. 6th) he met with an overwhelming reverse at the hands of Napoleon's once marshal, Bernadotte, to whom he had given the Swedish throne. Bernadotte, leading his Swedes and the Prussians, came in upon Ney's flank, and almost destroyed the Prince of Moskova's corps. That reverse compelled Napoleon to retire wholly from Germany, and, soon after, the great Emperor's abdication and exile to Elba.

Ney was called from his retirement, March 6th, 1815, by the minister of war of Louis XVIII., to whom he had given his adhesion, to take the field against Napoleon, whose return from Elba had thrown wide the gates of war again. Ney obeyed, expecting to oppose his old chief, in the interest of the restored government; but so potent was the influence of Napoleon's name, with the army, that Ney yielded to that influence and passed over to his old chief. His entire army followed his example, and that defection placed the ex-Emperor in the ascendant again.

What ensued forms an exciting chapter in the world's history. The Hundred Days reign culminated in the battle of Waterloo, where Ney led the Old Guard, and performed a part that reads like a stupendous creation of fancy. He was simply terrible, and with his defeat Napoleon's sun was eclipsed forever.

Ney remained in Paris until, by the decree of July 24th, he was proscribed as a traitor. He then endeavored to leave France, and was hidden in a friend's chateau, near Aurillac, when arrested, Aug. 5th, and taken to Paris for trial. That trial before the Chamber of Peers was not the least exciting and memorable event of that most exciting and memorable year. It resulted in his condemnation to death, Dec. 6th, by a large majority of the peers. Dec. 7th the sentence was communicated to him, and the order for his immediate execution announced. He was taken to the Garden of the Luxembourg palace, at 9 A. M., and shot—he himself giving the order, placing his hand on his heart: "Aim true; France forever—fire!"

And thus he who "had fought five hundred battles for France and not one against her" passed into history—one of the most remarkable of that brilliant host whom the subtle genius of Napoleon lifted from the ranks to become his chief support and strength.

## The Red Cross:

OR,

## The Mystery of Warren-Guilerland.

## A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE UNLOOSED SPIRIT.

WHERE was the poor boy Thetford, meanwhile?

Scarcely had Kool watched the last of the intruders off the sands, when he snatched the slight form of his master up in his arms and fled into the Crystal Grotto as if death strode behind them. Here he rested a moment for breath, relieving himself by leaning his now rigid burden against a shelving rock; he also produced a wax taper from his pocket, lit and placed it in his hat-band, and then pursued his way into the bowels of the earth. Crystal Grotto was a spacious cave hollowed by the sea out of the living rock, its walls were corrugated into vast irregular columns, its roof was vaulted, its floor was composed of brilliantly-colored pebbles, scooped into numerous deep pools by the tide, and from the walls, roof, and vaulted columns, stalactites of pure translucent rock crystal depended, flashing forth all the prismatic hues of the rainbow as Kool's taper lit them up in his hasty passage. He soon turned out of the cavern into a low, dark grotto, a cave within the cave.

And as this one had no mouth opening on the beach, but bored its devious way upward into the depths of the earth, its appearance was widely different from that of the Crystal Grotto. It was quite dry, and filled with a pallid sort of vegetation; the face of the cliff peered out here and there, veined with shining streaks, crude ores of various precious metals and minerals; and a faint light penetrated the luxuriant growth of fern and creeper which crowded up to a narrow fissure in the further end, casting extraordinary shadows all down the lofty and contracted gallery, from the grotesquely-formed black bowlders, which strewed the mossy floor.

Kool laid a young master down in a niche of the cave, upon a rock which spread there, extinguished the taper, and kneeling beside the now senseless Thetford, listened for sounds of pursuit as intently as his panting breath would permit. Hearing nothing, he took from his pocket a parcel carefully sealed in strong wrapping-paper; he laid aside the wrappings, and a coil of stout new rope, carefully encased in a sheath of silk wound round it, fell out. He proceeded to tie his master with his rope, hand and foot; he then removed the poor boy's collar and tie, placed his head comfortably upon an air-cushion, which he took from his pocket and charged with air; and at length settled himself in an easy position on the ground by his side, lit a cigar, and waited.

After some time had elapsed, he heard a swift footstep advancing unflatteringly through the Crystal Grotto, and started up with a muttered growl, scarcely believing his ears. Having had this dire cause for exploring the sea-caves, to search for a hiding-place for his mas-

ter, Kool knew every nook and cranny of not a few, but in all his explorations he had never before encountered any one, and the popular idea concerning them was that there was no outlet from the Crystal Grotto other than its mouth, and that it was dangerous to penetrate any of the caves further from the entrance than the tide could reach, on account of the gases which were believed to poison them. It was only by dint of patiently familiarizing himself with the intricacies of these mysterious earth chambers, that Kool had made up his mind to utilize one of them in the day of need; he had supposed himself the only man familiar there; who, then, was this, springing forward with the sure foot and unhesitating speed of a habitué?

He had no time even to cower down at Thetford's side, before the intruder sprang through the crevice in the granite screen which divided Crystal Grotto from the earth chamber; and, a moment subsequently, stood looking down on master and man.

It was the physician summoned by Jonas Kercheval; it was Baron Berthold, be-whiskered, be-wigged and bewitched into the very opposite of himself—Baron Berthold pursuing his purpose of molding the lives of these unconscious people, the Warren-Guilerland heirs.

He, too, wished earnestly to fathom Thetford's secret; he had therefore laid his plans with such sagacity that he was ready on the spot to probe the mystery whenever circumstances framed the opportunity.

"I have found you, then?" said he, in a matter-of-fact tone, as if he saw nothing odd in the depth of the retirement chosen by the glaring servant; "light that taper again, my good man; so, now hold it to the face, lower. What! you object to my examination? Nonsense! I am a physician, and Mr. Gaylure sent me here." These goolly-spoken commands, questions, and explanations, almost overwhelmed the man of marble; never in all his scrapes with the boy had he been cornered thus; never had his charge's terrible secret been so near discovery. He made a desperate effort to repulse the unwelcome spy.

"Thanks, sir, you are very kind, but master will have no one near him but myself. Go away, please, before he opens his eyes."

"Very good; you have done your duty; now be silent," said the supposed physician, catching the taper from the man's trembling hand and approaching it to the death-like countenance of the insensible youth. Kool's wooden visage crimsoned with rage; he clutched the doctor's arm fiercely, saying:

"He won't have it, I tell you; and I can't permit it, neither, sir. You must go away." And he attempted roughly to shove the stranger away. Next moment, to his amazement, he found himself mid-air, the stranger's slender hand twisted in his collar, and his own feet scarcely touching the ground, as he was hurled out of the earth chamber and flung into the middle of the Crystal Grotto.

He lay stunned for a few minutes, then rushed back to his master, choking with fury. The doctor was on his knees at Thetford's side, examining his skin, his eyeballs, listening to his breathing, and feeling the consistency of his flesh here and there. As the servant ran up he looked steadily at him, the quiet will-power of his glance subduing him instantly.

"This is not epilepsy," said he, beckoning him to come closer; "what is it?"

Kool glared at him like a wild beast that fain would spring, but could not, being held in check by the human eye.

"What is it?" reiterated the baron, more imperiously. Answer, my man; I shall make no unworthy use of the knowledge."

"What right have you or any other man to ask into my master's affairs?" said Kool, making a desperate effort to regain his customary dignity of deportment.

The baron stepped up to him and looked sternly into his eyes.

"Do as I command you," said he, haughtily; "dare not to refuse me an answer, and a truthful one."

Kool felt annihilated. These masterful, compelling eyes were more than he dared withstand.

"If I must, I must!" mumbled he, "but I hope, sir, that you'll explain all to master when he can understand. And if this goes abroad, my poor young master might as well die in 'em. If you would only be good enough to promise—"

"I shall not reveal the matter," interposed the baron, gravely.

Much reassured, Kool resumed:

"I have been his constant companion ever since he was six years of age, sir. He is close on twenty-one now. There has not passed one single month in all that time that on the tenth day, at six p. m., Mr. Thetford has not been seized with violent convulsions. Three evenings in succession he is similarly seized, the attacks lasting two hours, and leaving him weak as a babe, and hopelessly bewildered. With the exception of these visitations he is perfectly well, always in high spirits; and that no peculiarity should be wanting, he absolutely forgets his affliction from the moment when the final paroxysm leaves him to the morning of the tenth of the next month, when I remind him of his approaching sufferings, that he may make no engagement, the breaking of which would stir up inquiry. What the disease is, God only knows; we have consulted a legion of doctors, the most celebrated in Europe, and they declare themselves puzzled. Indeed, it looks more like possession by the devil than anything in medical experience. It comes upon him so suddenly, and so utterly without warning, that we are in constant danger of exposure. Just as if a devil actually did spring upon him, he is hurled to the ground, and would almost swear, by unseen hands, and tortured till he writhes and twists his body in the most unnatural contortions, sometimes tying it up in a knot, and again springing up in the air, till one would expect every bone to be broken and every sinew dislocated, then he falls down like this, senseless, and scarcely alive; presently he will have another paroxysm—and so on; and if I did not bind him, as you see, he would dash himself to death against the walls, for he bounds like a tiger during the seizure, and has the strength of five men. This is all I know about the matter, sir, but I beg of you to keep it to yourself, for now he has a barony and a fortune to inherit. You see how possible it would be for him to be argued out of it, should any of the other relatives get an inkling of this, and choose to call it madness or epilepsy."

"Thanks, you have told the truth," said the baron, who was intensely interested. "I recognize you as the pair who wandered for many years about the continent of Europe, you bearing the title 'tattoo-logical professor,' and this unfortunate exhibiting feats of strength and daring truly beyond the power of ordinary men. His case is, indeed, unique. I am gratified to have had the privilege of personally examining it."

As the pair thus conversed, Thetford was gradually recovering consciousness, or rather vitality, for his blank gaze and aimless gesti-

culations showed that his brain was still in torpor. As if to illustrate Kool's narrative of his sufferings, he rose abruptly to his feet, heedless of the cord which bound his limbs; an inarticulate cry seemed to be rent from him by throes of unparalleled suffering. Then, as if a pair of invisible, colossal hands had wrenched him round to one side, then to the other, his limbs and neck underwent hideous contortions, that threatened their dislocation. Awed unspcakably by this terrible spectacle, Berthold yet watched the paroxysm narrowly, anxious to comprehend what had befallen all the doctors of the day. Kool stood by, ready to tie any of the silk-protected knots which curbed the youth's struggles; from time to time he poured a few drops of some restorative upon a handkerchief and held it to Thetford's nostrils as well as he could, and with the most matter-of-fact air in the world.

But suddenly the rope snapped with a report like a pistol, its windings fell to the ground, and Thetford made a wild leap in the air. Kool shouted in horror:

"Away with you, for your life! Away!" accompanying his adjuration with a superhuman grip of the baron's person, which he had next instant dragged through the narrow crevice into the Crystal Grotto. With another wild wrench he hurled an immense flat slab out of an adjacent niche, and closed up the aperture, socketing it firmly by the aid of a stout crowbar; and all this before the astonished German had time to utter a remonstrance. Pale and trembling, he confronted the baron, wiping off the thick drops of sweat which streamed down his face.

"He's lost, God help us—lost!" groaned the servant.

"Explain, if you please; why have you abandoned him?" demanded Berthold, whose keen ear distinctly heard the appalling sounds made by the unfortunate youth in the earth-chamber, as he bounded from floor to roof, from wall to wall, his hard, panting gasps marking horribly the frightful violence of his movements.

"One thing I haven't told you," said Kool, in a heart-broken voice. "While he's in the fit, he has only one idea in his poor crazed head. Mind, too, he has just now the strength of five men. I have never had this misfortune happen before—that he should break his rope."

The man stopped; his imperturbability had deserted him; looking at him now, no one would have known him for the perfect gentleman's gentleman. He was sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What idea?" demanded Baron Berthold. Kool took out his immaculate handkerchief and dried his streaming eyes on it. Then he blew his nose, in a resigned way, and at last answered:

"To kill the person beside him, under the supposition that it is he who is torturing him." Unspeakingly shocked, the German rapidly reviewed in his own mind the probabilities, past and present, of such a state of things. Meanwhile the sounds increased in loudness and terror behind the screen of stone; the unfortunate creature was at the aperture, raining blows upon the slab which closed it, with fists and feet.

"Has he ever—" began the baron.

"Killed his man? Yes, twice," interrupted Kool, doggedly; "it need to be kept secret no longer. He'll kill himself in that rocky prison in ten minutes, unless he drops down exhausted soon. Why did you follow us? If you had not been here I should have watched him better—I should have seen that the rope was breaking, and secured it; but now—oh, my poor boy—my poor boy!" cried this original body-servant, looking ready to dash his own brains out against the stones.

"Chloroform!" suggested the German.

"No use; it doesn't stupefy him. Nothing is of any use. Do you suppose I haven't tried everything science could prescribe?" returned Kool, in despair. "Hush! By Heaven, he'll be out on us!" he continued, in a panic, as the sound of furious blows rung out on the slab, delivered evidently by the iron crowbar, which Thetford had plucked like a straw from its wedged-in position, with hands that left a trail of blood, but were imbued with a strength which, considering the slowness and delicacy of their make, was simply unprecedented.

"There is but one thing to be done," said the baron, rousing himself; "we must disarm him."

"Yes, but how?" trembled Kool.

"Have you courage to wait here the twenty or twenty-five minutes which I require to go to my hermitage, a mile off among the mountains, to fetch my apparatus? I must walk there, but I can return in a few minutes, driving my blood-horse, and I offer you my vehicle to transport your master from the vicinity of the friends from whom he is so anxious to conceal his misfortune, and my house as a refuge as long as he requires one."

Kool accepted the proposition thankfully, and as for shrinking from the perilous post assigned him, he would not hear a word about it, but urged the German off at once. In a few words the friendly stranger then explained what he intended to do; he proposed to disarm the frenzied sufferer by asphyxia; he was going for an air-pump with which to exhaust the air in the earth-chamber, after securely closing up the opening which was at the opposite end, and accessible from the outside on the crest of the cliff, so that Thetford would fall down suffocated, when they would quickly draw him forth and resuscitate him.

The German vanished; returned in less than fifteen minutes behind his great black charger in a light American carriage; he relieved the intrepid Kool from his terrible post, where for the past few moments he had been struggling almost face to face with the poor distracted creature behind the split and crumbling slab; and while he with his fresh strength continued the struggle, Kool fled to the brow of the hill, found the crevice which the German had discovered by the aid of a large white quartz bowlder which stood near it; choked it up with brushwood stuffed into his coat, and called to the German when he was ready.

They were successful; in a very few minutes more they were drawing the rigid and senseless form of the unhappy boy out through the aperture to the open air, and Kool was crying out in exquisite fear that his poor young master was dead.

"Not so, not so, good friend," the German reassured him, his hand upon the faintly-pulsing heart of Thetford; "wrap him up and come along." They carried their burden to the wagon which stood at hand, and sped away across the sands.

## CHAPTER XX.

## CRYSTAL'S REVELATION.

NEXT morning two interviews were taking place simultaneously in separate rooms of the Alhambra Hotel.

The actors in one were Jonas Kercheval and his daughter Cordelia; in the other, Marcus Gaylure and his daughter Crystal.

Yes, in spite of Gaylure's vigilance, in spite of his most solemn resolve that the rebellious



Kercheval and generous-minded Cordelia should never again meet face to face; Kercheval had proved himself the more cunning of the two; had maneuvered so cleverly that Gaylure supposed him on his way back to Wisconsin at this very moment, and Cordelia still confined to her room with a bad headache (brought on by a sleepless night), whereas, here the pair were, in one of the deserted drawing-rooms, behind the sweeping lace curtains of the bow window; he pouring into her ear the whole story of Warren-Guiderland, his connection therewith, Theoford's secret, and Gaylure's drift—the comprehending all that had been hid from her innocent eyes in her benefactor's conduct, with a heart that was swelling with proud anger and generous distress.

"So he has been unworthy all this time the admiration and gratitude I have been bestowing upon him!" exclaimed she, with bitter grief; "while I have been crediting him with all the noblest qualities of the heart, he has been pursuing his own crafty schemes, making naught but a tool of me! Alas! It seems fatal that whoever I love turns out to be unworthy of my foolish heart! Are all as false and guilty? Was he?" The last words broke from Cordelia unconsciously, accompanied by an expression so rapid, so agitated, that Kercheval gazed at her in startled attention, and her abstracted silence gave him time to reason out a tolerable solution of her meaning.

"She is thinking of some man! Yes, of course, she will marry, and this fortune which I long so ardently to give to my poor Margaret and Anne, as some slight indemnity for the misery I have brought upon them, will only be lavished upon a stranger and his children. No, I shall not give up my rights to Cordelia."

And meanwhile she was thinking: "Surely I read nothing but truth and nobleness in Baron Berthold—surely I may believe the instinctive thrill that tells me to trust that man as I would trust an angel. Yes, I will believe in him, dead though he is, and when I find a man who can persuade me that he is as genuine, I shall marry him."

When it was fully understood between them that Kercheval declined to pass over his rights to Warren-Guiderland to Cordelia, and that she would decline to accept them if he did, Jonas consulted her upon his next step.

"I see before me a chance of making restitution to Margaret and Anne, as far as wealth can indemnify them for the blight which my love has cast upon their lives," said he. "Will it not be wiser to keep silence upon the subject of our relations to each other until time has solved this problem? Theoford has died of his disease, I have succeeded to the barony, no flaw can be picked in the legality of the title, and I can dispose of my property as I please! For, I assure you, Margaret would not accept one cent from me, much as she has loved me (ay, and will till death divides us)—should she suspect the true nature of our connection. And why need she ever know? She has been so innocent of either passion or self-indulgence! Let me be the sufferer—I who am guilty, but let me preserve her from the knowledge which will kill her!"

Cordelia listened to his pleading with yearning pain.

"You know," said she, gently, "that every additional moment this pure woman lives in this false position is an additional wrong on your part. You know that if she knew, she would starve rather than accept your money. Be brave; be a man; release her! Don't insult her a moment longer with your presence! Never see her again, except to confess what you are, and to beg her forgiveness for what you have made her."

"Have you advised Colonel Valrose to do the same by Madeline?" demanded Kercheval, ready to sting her in his own exquisite pain.

She paled, faltered, burst into tears.

"No—no—it would be her death," she moaned, "and, besides, I dared not let them know I escaped alive, because they would have begged me back again, and my heart would have made me go, and let things go as before. Alas! I see how hard my advice is! But you are a man, not a poor, unsophisticated, tender-hearted girl; and you have done the wrong, and have the stimulus of righting it. Try to follow my advice, hard as it is; it is the best you can do."

"After I have bequeathed my money to Margaret and Anne, they shall see no more," said Kercheval, stubbornly; "I can promise nothing else. I dare not stay away from them; I have no excuses which may be an indefinite length. I have been wronging her for twenty years; what should a few more months do? Let me have the consolation of knowing that I left her rich. And since she is innocent of any intention of sin, why should she be crushed with a knowledge of her disgrace? Why need she ever know? She never shall, from me! and he folded his arms and gazed raptly into vacancy.

"Alas, sir, you will rue this, sooner or later," said Cordelia, sadly sympathizing with her distressing circumstances, yet able to perceive the deplorable weakness of the man's line of conduct. "And besides, everything is so unsettled that your term of waiting may stretch over years. He is so young, so full of health and spirit, he may last a long time yet, and God grant he will!" she murmured, pityingly, recalling all the brightness and loveliness of the unhappy youth; "or he may marry, and his son would come before you. Indeed, sir, looking at the pair of you, I should say that he has every chance of outliving you. Pardon me for saying so."

Kercheval glanced at his own cadaverous person as he saw it reflected in the black polished surface of the marble pedestal in the window, with a glance of jealous misery and despair.

"I shall outlive him!" he cried, unconsciously raising his voice in his agitation. "I shall consult a doctor; I shall begin from this moment to build up my health again. I must, I shall outlive him, for my darling's sake! What! is my life not worth the life of a poor fading epileptic?"

A quick step across the carpet startled the pair; with one accord they looked through the curtains. "Honored!" it was Theoford himself, so close to them that it was only too evident he had been in the room some time, and had heard distinctly, at least Kercheval's last speech. He joined them now, looking very pale and breathless, but strangely, solemnly calm.

"Sir, I don't know who you are," said he, addressing Kercheval with his own courteous salute, performed this time, however, quite mechanically, if quivering lips and smothered tones meant anything; "I have seen you twice only, and each time alone with this lady, apparently as her confidential friend, perhaps her affianced lover. I heard what you said, and I know you mean by 'poor fading epileptic.' You mean me; you have been trying to make me seem ridiculous and revolting to her, because you have discovered that I love her—ad re, ad re—her—and you want to turn

her sweet friendship into loathing. Sir, I throw your lie in your teeth! I am not an epileptic! I am as well as you! and as God lives I shall see you dead before me yet, I shall!"

It is impossible to describe the extraordinary terror he infused into his passionate ebullition; his manner, his looks, his words, all were so sinister and threatening that Cordelia involuntarily clung to Kercheval, half screening him with her own body in the horrible fear that the young man would slay him at her feet, in what she supposed to be a paroxysm of madness.

He saw the gesture, the protecting, apprehensive gesture, favoring Kercheval and repelling him; and his jealous fury burst all bonds.

"She loves you, then!" he shrieked, wringing his slight hands and tearing his amber curling locks, "you have succeeded in willing her away from me!" He stopped, staring toward the door with a keen listening look. Footsteps were approaching, his violence had undoubtedly alarmed the servants. Kercheval tore open the casement, a two-leaved affair that let you out on the lower veranda. Some one entered the room—both the men in the window gazed anxiously at him as he hurried forward. It was Gaylure, flushed and excited, his eyes glowing and his lips wreathed in his kindest, falsest smile.

Before he was half way up the long apartment Kercheval stepped out of the window and vanished into one of the nearest open windows. Gaylure and Theoford met, and the lawyer took the heir into his arms and pressed him to his breast with all the joy of a father over a prodigal son.

To explain this touching scene we shall narrate the substance of the lawyer's late interview with his daughter Crystal.

Crystal had retired to her room immediately after tea the previous evening, and had summoned her father by a whispered "come here and listen to what I've discovered," in his ear as they rose from the breakfast table, where all the ladies were discussing the absence of the general favorite, Theoford.

"Discovered? What do you mean?" queried Gaylure, having carefully closed the door and led the way to a secluded niche behind the grand piano.

"You know what an inquiring turn of mind I have!" began Crystal, with her innocent manner and lurking devil in her downcast eyes.

"Well, it has rather unexpectedly led me right into the thick of a very pretty mystery," Gaylure watched his shrewd daughter's face attentively. Keen as he was, he had long ago learned to trust more to this lady's eye than to her mouth for her meaning, and though he made a great pretence of confiding everything to his beloved wife and children, he knew pretty well by this time that Miss Crystal, at least, had partly fathomed his character by her own unaided exertions. It vexed him inexpressibly that it should be so, for he preferred his women unreasoning and credulous; but, since it was so, he watched carefully that she should not balk him.

"You imaginative puss!" exclaimed he, with an affectionate playfulness; "out with the mystery. I dare say it will afford me at the least a hearty laugh."

"You remember," said Crystal, riveting her large, calm, sea-monster orbs upon his face, "how abruptly Griffith and Cora left us last evening in the grove, and that they went down the same pathway while there were a dozen different ones they could have chosen. I have for some time been amusing myself exploring the sea-caves, especially Crystal Grotto, because it was my namesake. I have had to go alone, because Gisa is so lazy, and Cora so engrossed with Griffith. In the confusion that followed upon your leaving us, too, I ran down to that patch of rough shrubbery that crowns the cliff directly above Crystal Grotto; I had discovered a crevice there which communicated with the caves. I squeezed through there, meaning to find my way to the mouth of the cave, to see whether they were walking together on the sands; but as I penetrated the dark dismal hole that leads into the grotto, I heard them coming in and hid in the place where I was, behind a bowlder. For a long while nothing happened; then Kool came into the very place where I was hiding, bearing Griffith, who was unconscious, in a low whinny. I felt which way your leaving us, too, I ran down to that patch of rough shrubbery that crowns the cliff directly above Crystal Grotto; I had discovered a crevice there which communicated with the caves. I squeezed through there, meaning to find my way to the mouth of the cave, to see whether they were walking together on the sands; but as I penetrated the dark dismal hole that leads into the grotto, I heard them coming in and hid in the place where I was, behind a bowlder. For a long while nothing happened; then Kool came into the very place where I was hiding, bearing Griffith, who was unconscious, in a low whinny. I felt which way your leaving us, too, I ran down to that patch of rough shrubbery that crowns the cliff directly above Crystal Grotto; I had discovered a crevice there which communicated with the caves. 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I squeezed through there,



"And you too little to die!"

"And, therefore," the chief continued, "I shall see that you do not escape this time. Nor your band either."

He turned aside and held a short, inaudible consultation with his braves. When the powder had ended, Hawk-Eyes took the majority of his warriors and left, going toward the lake. Seth felt sure that the Boy Brigade was the objective point of this movement.

Those left in charge of the prisoner finally took him and moved away toward the lake also. On reaching the water they embarked in a canoe for the interior of the lake. Two other savages in a canoe, that was sunk to its gunwales under a load of logs, followed behind. A third canoe with three occupants, towing behind a huge log by means of a rope made of fibrous bark, followed the second.

When about one hundred yards from the sunken cabin of Neptune, the canoe of the prisoner stopped. The second ran alongside of it, though leaving a few feet of space between into which the third party towed the logs.

Something of the truth now entered Seth's mind, and sent a shudder through his veins. He believed he was to be lashed to the log and left to die, where his friends, as well as his enemies, could witness his agonies, and yet render him no assistance. Nor was he left in a moment's doubt. The red-skins lifted him from the canoe and laid him back down upon the log. He was then bound with strips of tough, fibrous bark as securely as though he was a part of the log itself. His hands were doubled under the log and bound so that he could not move a muscle.

A long rope of bark was next attached to the log and the canoe loaded with rock. Then the bottom of the canoe was cut through in several places; the craft filled with water and sunk to the bottom of the lake, securely anchoring the log in the center of the little sheet.

Having completed their fiendish work, the savages retired to the woods to await the result. Seth at once saw through the whole of this devilish work; they had set a trap for the rest of the Brigade. Exposed as he was, the red-skins knew full well that his friends would discover his situation and endeavor to relieve him, when they—the savages—would pounce down upon them from their coverts along the shore like hawks upon a brood.

Seth's hands and feet were in the water, and as a strong breeze now disturbed the surface of the lake, tiny waves dashed against the log and sprinkled their spray over him. Rendered weak with the loss of blood and the terror of his situation, this exposure affected him greatly. He could not turn his head; he could not move a muscle; nor could he breathe with half his usual freedom. He could see nothing but the sky, from which the light of day was fast fading, for by this time the sun had gone down. He saw long, "mare tail" clouds stretched across the sky, which were a forewarning of a night of wind.

As the twilight shadows deepened around him, he summoned all his strength and sent forth the Brigade's signal of distress. It was answered from the northern shore; but the answer was immediately followed by the report of a rifle—evidence that the savages were in close proximity to the Brigade.

Darkness at length fell. The sky was overcast with swift-moving clouds. The wind swept across the Black Woods and tossed the surface of the lake into tiny billows. Seth was soon drenched to the skin and chilled to the marrow. An inevitable death stared him in the face. Wave after wave broke over him. He rose and fell and tossed like an egg-shell on the crest of the billows. The rush and roar of the elements drowned all other sounds. Deep, black and boundless as eternity grew the darkness around him. A thousand vague and awful horrors crowded upon his soul. Strange spirits arose up before him and hovered like spirits around. Strange, icy arms were clasped around him like hoops of steel. Then followed an awful roaring and the sensation of being swept away into the limitless depths of eternity. Down, down, deeper and deeper into the unknown void he felt himself sinking—that buzzing roar gradually dissolving into the notes of far-off music, sweet and plaintive, and finally fading into that oblivion which knows no pain, no suffering—the hand-maid of Death.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE SILENT SLAYERS OF THE LAKE.

WITH anxious, eager hearts the Boy Brigade watched their young leader depart upon his exploring expedition. They watched him as he glided out over the glassy waters of the lake toward the spot where the floating-cabin of Neptune went down, never dreaming that lynx-eyed danger lurked in ambush for him until they saw the three canoes loaded with savages put out from different points around the shore.

At that time Seth was in the vicinity of the sunken craft; and contrary to his usual precaution, appeared not to see his peril; whereupon, Hoosah gave the signal of danger. In a moment Seth began his retreat, and the Brigade prepared to cover it; but, at the most critical moment, a score of savages charged upon them from the woods, compelling them to seek shelter in the deeper shadows back from the lake. This they lost no time in doing, and had the good fortune to stumble into a "windfall"—a number of large trees uprooted and piled in such a way as to afford a temporary defense. The savages endeavored to dislodge them from their retreat, but were met with such vigorous resistance that they were compelled to relinquish their object and seek shelter from the unerring rifles of the Brigade.

The latter now had a moment's respite to enumerate their casualties. To the fear and regrets of all, one of the band, Teddy O'Roop, the Irish lad, was missing; and there was not a doubt left in the mind of any one but that he had been killed. Two others had been slightly wounded; and the worst of all, their beloved young leader was, ere this, in the power of his cruel enemy. Nothing but the intervention of Providence could save him.

The yells that finally rose along the lake told that their worst fears had been realized—Seth was a captive. Disasters were falling thick and fast upon the Boy Brigade.

"What do you suppose the fate of Sure Shot will be?" asked Harris.

"No doubt a horrible death," replied Justin Gray.

A look of sadness overspread each countenance and a solemn grief trembled upon each lip. Still the courage of the little band did not flag. Taught by past experiences and similar trying circumstances, they resolved to put forth every effort in behalf of their young friend and leader—to risk life and limb in an attempt to save him.

As nothing had been seen of their enemies since entering the "windfall," Hoosah was sent out to reconnoiter. He soon returned and announced the way clear to the lake. The savages had doubtless withdrawn to join their friends in their fiendish triumph over the cap-

ture of Sure Shot Seth. The Brigade left their retreat and stole back to the shore of the lake. They found the little sheet deserted; not a sign of Seth, his canoes, or the savages could be seen.

Scouts were at once sent in opposite directions around the lake, but, before they returned, the Brigade saw the savages emerge from the forest on the opposite side of the lake, enter a canoe with Seth, and row out upon the water. Half an hour later they saw the object of this movement. Seth had been left almost in the middle of the lake, bound to a log anchored there, by some means or other.

The object of the red-skins was evident; it was the capture of any one who might attempt Seth's rescue. And, as the Brigade was now without a boat of any kind, and the water was growing rough, it would be next to impossible to reach their friend by swimming.

To and fro beneath the forest shadows, the little band paced uneasily, suffering all the excruciating misery that the predicament of their young captain could force upon them. I said all; this, however, was not the case, exactly. Old Joyful Jim sat down and with that grim, queer smile that had been noticed before, on different occasions, upon his face, he watched the helpless young rifleman.

"My God, boys!" Justin Gray finally exclaimed, his face marked by desperation, "I can stand this no longer; Seth must be saved! I will swim out there and release him, if I die for it!"

"Wuss than useless to undertake to swim out there now," said old Jim. "Jist wait; it'll soon be dark; then mebbe some of us can make it."

"But, he may be dead by that time," persisted Gray.

"Don't fool yerself; Seth's not goin' to give up so easy as that. I never seed a boy that was as chucky, jam full of life as that Seth. No, them larnal brimstonets don't want him dead till they git us; therefore, we want to save him, and I'll bet Sure Shot'll live to inapple more'n one red-skin on a sunbeam."

"I wish I knew that you spoke prophetically, Jim," said Gray, puzzled by the indifferent view the old ex-trader took of the matter, and the coolness he had manifested all along.

"Wait and you'll see," was the answer.

They did wait until darkness set in; but time had seemed to lag so wearily that all hope of Seth's escape had about died out. It seemed impossible for him to have lived so long. Night shut every object from view upon the lake; and only the roar of the wind and the moan of the waves broke upon the eager ears of the little band.

Old Jim left the Brigade with the avowed purpose of reconnoitering the northern shore of the lake; while Hoosah and Justin Gray prepared to swim out to Seth's rescue, let the result be what it might.

These two boys had no superiors in water-craft; and upon several occasions had displayed almost superhuman strength and endurance, as well as wonderful feats, in the water. They were well aware of the dangers and difficulties they would have to combat; but there was no peril, no hardship they would not undertake in behalf of their beloved young leader. So, they divested themselves of most of their clothing, and having securely fastened their hunting knives to the ends of long, slender rods, "put to sea." They swam side by side, lying upon their backs, their hands and arms submerged, their hastily improvised lances slightly elevated and the points touching like the antennae of insects.

The darkness was intense, and as the lake was ribbed and furrowed by waves, Le Subtile Wolf and the Beaver experienced considerable unpleasantness as they cut their way through the water, side by side. They could just distinguish each other's presence along the surface of the water. They guided themselves by the wind and waves. They had gone nearly a hundred yards when a sound fell upon the ears of the Beaver that caused him to start. It was the dip of a paddle. Le Subtile Wolf answered in a similar manner when both at once became silent and motionless on the water.

Without a doubt a canoe was approaching. They could hear the dip of the paddle, and the prow cutting the waves. It came closer and closer.

They can now see the dark outlines of the hull, along the surface of the water, and the shadowy outlines of grotesque figures above it. They know what it means. It is a savage canoe patrolling the lake for enemies. They prepare to act, for their situation is perilous.

There were, at least, six red-skins in the canoe and they were coming almost directly toward the boys, who touched the lances twice, in a draw their backs, and when the canoe came up, thrust the weapons forward into the two of the upright figures within it. A yell of agony burst from the warriors' lips, and a momentary confusion followed. The unsuspecting warriors knew not from whence those death blows had come, so silently had they been dealt, so dark was the surrounding. The paddlers dropped their blades, and assisted their companions with the two struggling in the agonies of death. This left the canoe without reach of the Beaver and Le Subtile Wolf, who, following up the advantage gained, launched their terrible weapons through the darkness again. Two more of the six had been stricken down by the deadly sting of death; and before the others could recover from their fear and consternation, the final blow had been struck and the two desperate boys had won a signal victory.

When assured that they had nothing more to fear of those in the canoe, they swam along side of the boat and threw themselves into it. To consign the bodies to the troubled waves was but the work of a moment, then each laying his lance by his side, took up a paddle.

It required some moments now for them to get their course, for in the silent and deadly encounter they had lost their bearings. When assured they were right, they dipped their blades and crept away through the gloom. They were now compelled to use more precaution than ever, for the water, when lying with their ears upon it, was a better conductor of sound than the air. Moreover, their elevation rendered it more difficult to discern objects around them. But they felt themselves equal to the occasion, being greatly encouraged by their recent victory. It had been a part of their programme to maneuver for the capture of a canoe in which to convey their friend ashore, should they succeed in releasing him. It was this that they had in view when they constructed the deadly weapons they carried with them.

There was such a harmony of instincts in these two boys, trained as they had been together, that they had not spoken a dozen words since leaving the shore. The touch of their lances had kept them together, and any sudden movement of the weapon by one seemed to convey his thoughts to the other as naturally as one conveys words upon the electric telegraph. With their minds centered upon the one great object of mercy, it was natural enough that the details followed in intuitive

harmony. One made no movement that did not "dove-tail," as it were, with the other's, and with this silent and perfect sameness of action, which was, in a manner, characteristic of the whole Brigade, had they been enabled to accomplish so much in the gloom.

They moved on, and were finally nearing the spot where they had last seen Seth tossing on the waves, when the sound of voices fell upon their ears. They at once ceased paddling, and holding the blades so that their boats might not drift back, they listened. They could hear the audible dip of a paddle, mingled with a voice speaking English. The boat of the unknown was crossing the path of our two adventuresome friends, and when nearly opposite the prow of their boat, they heard the person speaking say:

"I tell ye, boss, I've jist all I can do to keep that Boy Brigade off the scent. I've been afraid, a time or two, that they'd find out the little game I'm playing."

A shudder thrilled through the forms of the two boys, and they clutched their lances as if to strike. As the boat drew nearer and passed on by them, they recognized the voice of the speaker.

It was that of Joyful Jim!

Was he a traitor to the Boy Brigade? Alas! what else could he have been?

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### JOYFUL JAMES UNDER A CLOUD.

THE BEAVER and Le Subtile Wolf continued on until they supposed they were in the vicinity of the log to which Seth was bound; but to their surprise and pain they could find nothing of their young friend. They searched the water over and over, but without reward; and were finally compelled to give up the search.

Sad and heavy-hearted, they returned to shore with the intelligence of Seth's disappearance, no doubt beneath the waves of the wind-tossed little sea.

The little band was plunged into the deepest gloom. Their hearts sunk within them, and their courage seemed to falter. To add still more to the intensity of their feelings, the words that Justin Gray and Hoosah had overheard upon the lake had been construed into the words of a traitor.

"I have often remarked the indifference with which old Jim regarded some things of a serious nature to us," said Gray; "especially things connected with this lake."

"Yes," replied Mr. Harris, "I have noticed that, on different occasions."

"But," said Tom Grayson, inclined to give old Jim the benefit of a doubt, "hasn't he done things since he has been with us that would be a little unaccountable if he was a traitor to us?"

"Yes; but that has been a part of his tactics to mislead us," said Gray. "He has pretended to serve us, while he has a—"

"Tooh!" exclaimed Le Subtile Wolf, suddenly; "light on lake—see him?"

True enough, a dim light had become visible near the middle of the lake. It shot a long, subdued beam across the water to where our friends stood. It was such a light as shines from a window on a dark night, and seemed to be elevated a few feet above the surface of the lake.

One of the boys decided that it must be a will-o'-the-wisp; but this idea was exploded by the light disappearing ever and anon as though forms were passing to and fro between.

The boys puzzled themselves over this light for more than an hour, but they could obtain no definite information regarding it; and were at length compelled to give it up and retire to some safer point in which to pass the weary, dreary hours of night. They sought the "windfall," which had afforded them a safe retreat during the day; and having posted two guards that were to be relieved at intervals of two hours, the rest lay down to sleep and give their tired minds repose.

Little sleep, however, closed the eyes of the peril-enviored band that night; and when one did fall into a doze, the vagaries of an excited brain conjured up a thousand horrors and dangers.

Slowly and wearily the night dragged away, and with its darkness went many of the terrors born of it. Bright and early the boys all were astir; but not until the rising sun had dispelled every shadow did they venture out of their retreat.

Having first partaken of their morning repast, they started toward the lake. They had proceeded but a short distance when a "chirp" like that of a bird overhead caused them all to look up; when, to their astonishment, they saw old Joyful Jim reclining in a sort of hammock attached to a limb, looking as smiling and innocent as a clown in a circus.

Mechanically the Brigade drew back the hammers of their guns, and a look of sudden surprise and unutterable scorn mounted their faces.

"Careful! careful!" exclaimed the old fellow, throwing up his hand; "it's me, Joyful James! Don't shoot—he avens't!"

The last exclamation was occasioned by a savage yell not far away, and quick as a flash the Brigade turned and started back to the windfall; while old Jim hopped out of his bed and began to scramble down the tree in a hurry. As soon as he had reached the ground, he followed the Brigade, and was nearing the windfall, in which the boys were already ensconced, when a savage with an uplifted tomahawk sprung from behind a tree and confronted him. As the murderous weapon of the savage descended, it was dextrously warded off by the gun-barrel of the white man. But the sudden deviation of the tomahawk, and the force with which it fell upon the gun-barrel, carried both from the hands of their owners, leaving them face to face and empty-handed.

Old Jim expected a shot from the Boy Brigade to help him out of his difficulty; but as it was not forthcoming, while a dozen Indians behind him, he saw that he must act with dispatch. He thrust forward his bony hands, and seizing the savage by the throat and waist, raised him aloft as though he were a child, and as Jupiter hurls his thunderbolts against the mountain, so he hurled the red-skin to the earth, crushing the life out of him. Then he grabbed up his rifle and attempted to escape inside the windfall; but before he could do so, three Indians were upon him, and turning, he fought them with the fierceness and desperation of a tiger driven at bay. With clubbed rifle he swept the foe down before him. The breach of the weapon snapping off left him the iron barrel, a formidable weapon that crashed and crunched its way through the air around the power that wielded it.

The Boy Brigade watched the conflict with astonishment. They saw the old man in combat with those whom they had decided were his friends. But the thought that they might be mistaken flashed across their minds the instant they caught sight of his face. It seemed transformed to that of a madman. The cords in his neck and face had swelled out almost to bursting. His eyes glowed with the ferocity of a Fury. He seemed endowed with super-

human power as he fought for his life. The iron weapon in his hand had become bespattered with the blood of his victims. It fairly dripped with gore. The Brigade saw it. It was enough—it told them that old Jim was no friend to the red-skins, and in another moment they were out of their covert to the rescue of the brave and heroic old man.

The red-skins were at once driven away; and with Jim, the Brigade sought their shelter again. Here the old ex-trader sunk down, weak and helpless, almost as if stricken with paralysis. His nervous system had been strung to such a tension by excitement that the sudden release completely prostrated him. The boys supposed he had been wounded and ran to his assistance, all anxious to serve him.

"Where are you hurt, Jim?" Justin Gray inquired.

"No war in particular," he answered; "my physical stamina's goin' back on me, that's all. But didn't I make the claret fly, though, outer them red-skins! Shades of the Temple! I never got into such a muck in all my life; and I thought you fellows war never comin' to help me. Reckon you didn't want to spile my fun, eh?"

The boys exchanged significant glances, but remained quiet. Old Jim finally recovered his strength and rose to his feet, with the announcement that he was himself again.

As the Indians did not make any further demonstration upon the windfall, the Brigade resolved to leave it and go down to the lake and make some inquiry regarding the light they had seen during the night, as old Jim could say nothing definite regarding it.

They struck the lake where they could command a full view of its surface; and, as they ran their eyes over it, an exclamation burst from every lip.

Out near the center of the lake they beheld the floating cabin of old Neptune, or one exactly like it, resting calmly upon the placid bosom of the little sheet. From one of its chimneys a thin wreath of smoke was curling, and through the open door, looking south, the little form of a female was passing to and fro.

What did it mean! This was the question that passed from lip to lip; but no one could answer. It was a mystery within a mystery.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### LIFE IN A NEW WORLD.

WE LEFT Sure Shot Seth unconscious upon a log in the middle of the lake, overcome by the loss of blood, cold, and the horrors of his situation. But he was not left alone here to die. Under the canopy of night a canoe crept across the water with two cloaked occupants, who released the youth from the log, took his almost helpless form aboard, and then disappeared in the direction they had come.

How long he had remained unconscious Sure Shot Seth had no means of telling; but when reason began to assert its power, it was with a vague uncertainty that he regarded his state of existence. He found that he was not in the water nor upon the log, of which he maintained an indistinct recollection; but upon a soft pallet surrounded by walls, and shadowy forms that were passing around him. The murmur of voices in the distance also assured him of the vague, dreamy existence in some sphere or other; but his mind was so heavy and depressed that he could not collect his thoughts.

Little by little, however, objects around him began to assume more tangible and material shape. Out of the shadows of unconsciousness those moving figures gradually unfolded themselves until he found that he was surrounded by men and women. At length he had so far recovered as to recognize a face bending over him. It was that of Vishnia, the Maid of the Valley. At one side sat her father, old Neptune. With their presence was connected some vague horror. He closed his eyes and tried to recall the past. One by one the events of the last few days came trooping back; and when at length a remembrance of the sinking of old Neptune's cabin, with all on board, entered his mind, a cry burst from his lips. They lived!—did he himself; but was it not in another sphere? They had surely been drowned in Lake Luster and passed into another existence. He had met with a similar fate on the log where the savages had left him. This explanation seemed cogent enough to him; but as another thought flashed into his mind, he started up, crying out:

"Where is she! Maggie!"

"Here," responded a soft voice, and Maggie Harris appeared before him, her face radiant with love and joy.

"Then we are all here," he said, sinking back upon his couch, a great load seeming to have been removed from his brain.

"Yes, Seth, we are all safe in the cabin of Neptune," answered Maggie, speaking in a low, gentle voice.

"But have we all not undergone a change? we are not on earth, are we?" the half-delirious youth asked; "you were all drowned when the cabin sunk, were you not?"

"No, Seth," answered Maggie, "we were not drowned. This is a wonderful structure. Neptune sunk it at his pleasure to save us from the savages. Every opening can be hermetically sealed, so that no water can enter the rooms. It was Neptune that rescued you and brought you here. You have long been unconscious."

Her words swept away the cloud that hovered over the youth's mind; and in a moment he was in full possession of his senses. He opened his eyes and gazed around him. He saw that the room was nicely furnished. The walls, which gradually sloped from the floor to the apex overhead, were heavily painted and varnished. A small sheet-iron stove occupied one end of the long room. In one corner were cooking utensils and dishes. Farther down the room was a table covered with books. In the other end was a sort of a stand or work-bench, upon which lay an almost countless number of tools. A machine—apparently unfinished—of some kind or other, and composed of innumerable gears, wheels and pulleys stood upon the table. On the floor near the bench were the other parts of complicated machinery, which were evidences themselves of the occupation of old Neptune. Under the table were two rubber canoes, one large, one small.

Near the center of the room was something that puzzled our hero. It was a huge box with a crank on one side and a fly-wheel on the other. But what could it be used for? At first he concluded that it was some apparatus for propelling the floating cabin, if such the domicile might be termed; but, further investigation revealed a long rubber hose lying coiled at the foot of the machine, and which led to the supposition that it was used for manipulating the craft.

In addition to these things, some wearing apparel, two or three rifles, a guitar, some beautiful pictures, a couple of pallets and some other articles and ornaments composed the furniture of the strange place.

Three windows, of but a single large pane each, lighted the room, while overhead were four openings, one of which served as a chimney, the others as ventilators.

Altogether it was a strange structure; but in perfect keeping with the wild, mysterious air that surrounded its owner, old Neptune, and his fair and lovely daughter, Vishnia.

There was nothing to fear in the old man's looks; on the contrary, there was a majesty in his tall form, his intellectual face and patriarchal beard, that commanded respect and admiration. His dark gray eyes, massive brows and expressive mouth, carried the expression of a deep thinker and profound student of nature with them.

He came and sat down by Seth, administered stimulants to him, and at the same time kept up an easy pleasant conversation. The former strengthened his body, the latter his mind; and in the course of a few hours the youth was on his feet. Neptune conducted him to the door and out upon the porch, from whence he had a fair view of Lake Luster and the surrounding shores. He searched the latter for some sign of his friends; but saw nothing. The beach seemed entirely deserted.

"I wonder if my friends are alive?" he said to the old man.

"They were at ten o'clock last night," replied Neptune, "and I think they had a conflict with the savages this morning, for I heard a sharp firing over on the west shore."

"The savages seem determined on the destruction of the Boy Brigade," said Seth, seriously.

"Yes; and the floating palace of old Neptune."

"But you can outwit them when we can."

The old man burst into a peal of laughter.

Seth continued: "Your residence here is a wonderful structure. Its mechanism surpasses my comprehension."

"No doubt of it, my boy; but, if you will come with me inside, I will explain the whole thing to you in a satisfactory manner."

As they turned to go in, Seth caught sight of a savage standing on the eastern shore; and by his dress, recognized him as Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 353.)

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## THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

You'll know him when you enter town,  
A man of somewhat large dimensions,  
And note his clothes of black or brown  
Are out to cover vast pretensions.

A very host of things he knows,  
Because he's full of information;  
Prescribes a cure for all your woes—  
And the electoral situation.

Of public meetings he's the head,  
Where he allows of no digressions,  
And on the Fourth leads the parade—  
But follows funeral processions.

You take his wisdom with his pills,  
And both according to directions;  
He smiles at all the human ills,  
Looks wise, and settles all vexed questions.

The hand you offer he takes  
Only to feel your pulse's labor;  
Is friendlier to your pains or aches  
Than he is to his nearest neighbor.

He wants but little of your tongue,  
And then he only cares to see it,  
And gives a Latin and high-strung  
Name to your case, whatever be it.

You take his statement without doubt,  
But not his potions without shrinking;  
You find they are the best things out,  
And your chance better without drinking.

If you get worse beneath his skill  
He says 'twas Providence that bade it;  
If you get better of your ill  
He takes unto himself the credit.

His intiments will set you wild;  
A red-hot stove is not more soothing;  
His medicines are just as mild  
To men as babes—and that's a true thing.

The powder which he gives is not  
Than rifle powder is, much quicker;  
His tonics not more sure than shot,  
Although perhaps they'll make you sicker.

If on your premises should stop  
The favor prevalent in your section,  
He promises to raise you up—  
But leaves the job to Resurrection.

## Stories of Chivalry.

## THE CRUSADER'S LAST STROKE.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

NIGHT was settling down upon the romantic chateau of Hautfeur, in the south of France, when a horseman, clad in mail, crossed the buttressed moat, and blew a blast in the dusky court in front of the demesne.

Instantly cries of "The master! the master!" filled the air, and a score of retainers poured from the grand old seat of nobility and gathered around the horseman. In the excess of their joy the servants were trying to pull the rider from his seat, when he haughtily checked them.

"I am not Sir Henri!" he said. "Is this sorry beast the one upon whose back he sprang, booted and armed for the conquest of Jerusalem? Such a steed as mine never bore your gallant master. Stand aside, and let me dismount!"

"But is not this our master's armor?" cried the giant butler, who was the most boisterous of the band.

"Truly, good Hubert; I wear it by his wish. Were he here it would adorn his faultless figure."

The horseman's last words produced a startling effect.

"The master is dead!" was the cry that the retainers raised, and respectfully made way for the stranger, who dismounted and pushed his way toward the broad steps of the chateau.

He showed signs of weariness, the armor seemed cumbersome, and several retainers noticed a limp in his gait.

"He walks like Lionel de Castray!" they whispered, and thought of the days when their master and the noble named were rival suitors for the hand of the fair mistress of the demesne.

The returned crusader scaled the steps, and found himself in a lofty corridor, in which he came suddenly face to face with a very handsome woman, on whose face was a pallor of fear.

She started back as if the wraith of her crusading husband had suddenly risen before her. Then the mailed warrior lowered his visor, and Lady Anne exclaimed:

"Lionel de Castray! what message from my Henri?"

He did not speak, but drew a packet from beneath his breastplate, and handed it to the countess.

Whiter than ever grew her face as she took the object, for she had caught sight of Lionel de Castray's mail engraved with her husband's arms. Her quick glance detected the marks of Saracen swords and battle-axes, and she gave the man a suspicious look as she turned aside to read the message from the long-absent one.

Lionel de Castray watched her narrowly while she read; he saw tears start from her eyes, and noted the quivering lips as she closed the letter and turned upon him.

"It was at Acre, I believe?" she said, half interrogatively.

"Before the western wall, and near the Paynim standard!" said Sir Lionel. "I bore him to my tent, poor fellow! and there he wrote the message which I swore upon my sword to give to his good lady of Hautfeur."

"A thousand thanks!" Anne said, extending her hand, which was cavalierly taken in the gambit of the messenger. "I cannot listen to more to-night. Come when you have rested and tell me all. His armor you may doff in the armory, for I see it wears you."

The lofty messenger bowed, and the stricken countess withdrew.

He found his way to the armory, for he was no stranger to the interior of the chateau, and proceeded to undo the cumbersome mail. He worked rapidly and with apparent delight, and at length casque, gauntlets, and all the paraphernalia of a knight, lay in a heap on the floor.

His eyes seemed to be flashing with triumph, and, relieved of the steely garments, he went briskly down the stair to find one of the Hautfeur steeds waiting his pleasure. An equerry assisted him to the saddle, and the next minute the ironed hoofs sounded along the drawbridge.

"He's a bad man!" declared the suspicious old butler. "I never know a good fellow among the De Castrays. I will venture that he deserted the standard of King Louis in the Holy Land."

But the countess disappeared, and the pale servants found themselves summoned to Lady Anne's audience chamber, where she confronted them with signs of sorrow, but calm.

But she did not read the last letter which Lionel de Castray had brought through thick-set dangers from the ensanguined battle ground of the East, though she held it in her white hand while she addressed her people.

It was in the sacred solitude of her boudoir that the Lady Anne gave vent to the grief that surged up in her heart. She did not hear the mournful cries that filled every part of the old chateau; her own sorrow, as dark as the night without, shut them out with the sound of its own rising.

More than once she read the last brief message from the East, which ran as follows:

"My Wife ANNE—The Paynim spear has found my life's altar. Far from thee I am dying, supported by the brave Sir Lionel, whose devotion cheers me when I remember the past. He has sworn to bear my last words to Hautfeur. I must repay him, for without his gallantry thou wouldst never have known my last thoughts. Be thou, Anne, his recompense, and believe that from the other world the spirit of thy crusading husband will smile upon the union. He bears my armor back to Hautfeur. Love him, Anne, for the sake of the soldier who won thee from him in the happy days. HENRI."

It was thus the bereaved wife read in the quietude of her boudoir.

Her thoughts flew to the bloody field of Acre, where Christian and Paynim, after the shock of war, lay in confused heaps. Count Henri had died in his tent while she was not thinking of danger to his gallant life.

Now, the old suitor was in possession of the field whereon the gallant crusader had vanquished him in the tournament of love. Anne had never liked him, though he was a learned, genial and brave knight. He had submitted to Count Henri's successful wooing with commendable grace, though some gossips had whispered that he meditated secret revenge.

Many days had not passed since the delivery of the unexpected message when De Castray returned to the demesne. He rode with his old bearing, his mail was burnished, and he even sang as he cantered over the sunny road.

Anne received him like a woman who is determined to obey a command that is distasteful.

Lionel de Castray's eyes flashed when he noticed this.

He told about the march to Acre, the battle beneath its walls, how Saladin looked and fought, and answered the thousand and one questions which the gentle woman asked.

The result of his frequent rides to the chateau did not surprise the servants when Anne announced it one morning.

She had given her hand to Sir Lionel after a brief widowhood.

"He was with Sir Henri," she said, in gentle extenuation of her act, "and his bosom was my lord's last pillow at Acre. It is for Henri's sake. Sir Lionel may win my heart and love from Palestine, for both are there."

De Castray was happy, and with Anne's decision in his heart, he rode like the wind to his own demesne, eager to acquaint its people with his good fortune.

But an unlooked-for person was approaching Hautfeur.

He did not touch its lands until the very wedding night was coming down upon them. There seemed to be something fatal in his appearance there at such a time.

Lionel de Castray was riding to the altar which Anne's hands had simply, yet beautifully, decked. Before it stood a suit of armor, the same which the crusader wore when he rode away to fight for the cross in the East. Above it were his swords and battle-axes crowned with myrtle, green and twining.

A brilliant moon showered a flood of mellow light upon De Castray's road. He was not hasty, for his horse galloped slowly. The count, evidently, was not thinking of an encounter.

But, all at once, a voice commanded him to halt, and glancing over his shoulder he saw the speaker. He rode a white horse and sat in the saddle with the dignity of a king. Clad in mail from pike to spur he looked like some old god, and not unlike a wraith in the weird light.

It might have been his aspect that paled De Castray's cheek, or he might have recognized the apparition, for, not deigning to answer the command, he put spurs to his steed and dashed on faster than before.

"Traitor!" hissed the rider of the white horse, as that animal bounded forward in pursuit, and the iron hoofs of the steeds struck fire over the flinty road.

De Castray continually urged his horse forward, but fate seemed against him. He believed the pursuer the ghost of one whom he had left at Acre, for he was superstitious at heart and cowardly after dusk.

"It dare not enter the chateau!" he gasped. "I have not heard of it troubling the Lady Anne; but—perhaps this is its first appearance. St. Louis help me!"

A startling glance over his shoulder told him that his foe—wraith or goblin—was gaining ground. He noted this with a groan.

At length he rose in his stirrups.

"Ho! warder! lower the drawbridge!" He shouted at the top of his voice, and in a tone akin to despair.

A minute later he heard the creaking draw fall across the wide moat.

Beyond it safety lay if he could cross before his pursuer struck the planks. The moat was wide and deep; no goblin steed could leap it, no ghost stem its darkened tide.

But alas! for Lionel de Castray's hopes! The white horse was snuffing the night-air just behind him, and as he struck the draw he looked back.

What did he see?

A great mailed man bolt upright in his stirrups, and over his head a battle-axe.

The frightened man uttered a loud cry, and, as if determined to cope with his adversary, tried to rein in his steed, but at the eleventh hour.

His tone and look did not frighten the pale young countess.

Timidly and lovingly she crept to his side and looked up into his face.

"Traitor, my lord!" she said. "The letter was a forgery, then. I was doing this for the love of thee!"

The crusader's stern look relaxed. There was no deception in the wife who leaned against his hauberk, weeping for genuine love and joy.

To the guests he told of Lionel de Castray's theft of his armor, and desertion before the battle of Acre, and how, after the fight, he had tracked the villain down.

The letter was, of course, a forgery.

There was real joy in the chateau, for one man's crimes had found him out. And to this day a bloody battle-axe in the Hautfeur armory tells the story of the crusader's last stroke.

## Alexia's Oath.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE summer night was just giving place to the summer dawn. In the silvery pale sky a few bright morning stars twinkled away down in the horizon; abroad on the still, solemn air, a light, fresh breeze was blowing coolly, softly away the tender leaves, and everything gave promise of a perfect new day, teeming with beauty and warmth and life.

Everything outside that large, deathly-quiet bed-chamber, whose appointments were those of wealth and luxury—twin powers, but not potent, in all their glory of strength, to retard the advancements of Azrael, the dread shadow of which already spread like a darkness over the fair, fragile woman who lay so quietly among the laces and ruffles of her death couch.

She was wan and white, and a look of utter weariness was on her sweet face; but there were calm patience and holy hope there, too; and there came into the dark, heavy-lidded eyes a gleam of positive content, almost happiness, as the curtains that were draped in place of a door, opposite the foot of the bed, parted at touch of a slender, fragile hand, and a young girl came in between them, and went straight to the bedside.

"Alexia! Darling, thank God you are not too late! I want you to send them all away while I talk to you."

She was a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced girl who had come in—Alexia Cameron, the step-daughter of the dying woman on the bed—and her low, tenderly-voiced tones sounded in exquisite contrast to the eager voice of Mrs. Cameron.

"May we be alone for a few minutes, Dr. Arnold? Nurse can remain within call, and you will find it comfortable in the library."

The old family physician knew her almost as well as she knew herself, and he consented, promptly, to leave his dying patient in the care of this quiet-voiced, gentle girl—woman, whom every one loved, from her stepmother to Cleve Clifford, her betrothed.

The curtains had barely closed on Dr. Arnold's broad back before Mrs. Cameron spoke.

"Alexia, you know why I want to talk with you! It is about Ethel!—my one child, my baby Ethel! I cannot die, Alexia, unless you promise me you will ever love her, and do by her as you would wish yourself or your own child to be. Alexia, you have been a good child to me, you have been my comfort and pride—I know I can trust my poor, desolate, fatherless Ethel to you. Will you accept my dying charge? Will you promise what I ask?"

Alexia was gently stroking the little frail hand, so soon to be folded in eternal stillness over the heart that was now all aglow with human longing for her child.

"Mother, you know it will be my first chief pleasure and privilege to love and care for my sister Ethel as truly as you would have done. I promise you, mother, that I will take your place to her to the best of my ability."

Mrs. Cameron's pallid lips smiled.

"Oh, Alexia, may the God I so soon shall see, reward you and bless you a thousand fold! I can go readily now, and it seems that I will be permitted to tell my dear husband, Ethel's father and yours, that our baby is not alone."

She closed her long-lashed lids, and seemed to be at perfect rest, bodily and spiritually, while Alexia sat quietly beside her, smoothing the fair golden hair off the cold brow with her warm, brown fingers in which was so much blessed vitality.

Suddenly the dark, wistful eyes opened again, with almost an averted look in them.

"Alexia! Did I dream it, or have you promised?"

"I promised you solemnly, mother, that I would make Ethel's happiness my chief object—even before my own!"

The nervous fingers attempted to clasp Alexia's own.

"Swear it, Alexia, swear it!"

And at that solemn morning hour, at the moment of simultaneous death of the summer night, and birth of the summer dawn, Alexia Cameron raised her grand, beautiful eyes toward the brightening skies, and swore:

"Before God and the holy angels, mother dear, I will obey your dying request! Ethel shall find in me her best friend, who will ever regard her happiness before my own! Mother, are you satisfied now?"

A smile, that was the embodiment of heavenly peace, glorified the pallid face, and Alexia knew her mother was content.

And when the sun came royally up between purple and orange, and rose clouds, and shone through the leafy trees outside the chamber of death, Alexia knew that the memory of the peace and calm on the dear dead face would be an everlasting reward to her for her oath.

It had occurred so suddenly—Mrs. Cameron's illness and death, and Alexia had been summoned to the scene from her home in another city where she was in charge of a pleasant, profitable business, and had been for three years—ever since her father had died, leaving his second wife with both his daughters on her hands. And Alexia, in her own quiet, sweetly-determined way, immediately arranged her plans for her own independence—plans that had brought unexpected success, and great happiness, since she had met and been loved by and loved Cleve Clifford.

She had spoken of her engagement to her stepmother, on a previous visit, but had begged her to say nothing of it to any one, so that now, when the time had come that she and "baby Ethel" would go to Ethel's new house, the girl was in complete ignorance of her sister's engagement.

"It seems so heartless to intrude my happiness upon her great sorrow—I cannot find the heart to tell her yet, my poor, grieved little darling!"

She truly was a "little darling," this beloved child, this "baby Ethel" of her mother's—an ivory-complexioned beauty, with cheeks

the color of the inside of a conch shell, and eyes as blue as a sapphire, and long, floating golden hair, that grew in low masses from her white forehead—a bewitching, enchanting girl of seventeen, with a sweet, shy way of drooping her heavy-lashed lids, and who made Cleve Clifford fling away his cigar in perfect amazement, as Alexia led her up on the piazza where he was smoking, awaiting her return.

It was a most bewildering surprise—he had certainly expected to see a child dragging a doll along, or at most, a bashful, childish girl, in short dresses, and here was the most beautiful, most self-possessed, yet bewitchingly shy creature he had ever seen—radiant as a golden summer day, and actually making Alexia look like a sober brown sparrow, for all there was not five years' difference in their ages.

Alexia noticed the delight in his eyes as he took in, with one comprehensive glance, every item of detail in Ethel's graceful self, and she smiled, herself, delighted at the impression.

"Isn't my baby a darling, Cleve? Ethel, this is a friend of mine, Mr. Clifford—my little sister, Ethel Cameron, Cleve."

Mr. Clifford took the dainty hand in his, warmly.

"I never shall malign infants again, I assure you, Allie. Miss Ethel—I always make it a practice to kiss babies."

Alexia sent him a glad assent to his glance of permission, and Ethel laughed and blushed, a very embodiment of girlish grace and loveliness.

"You may not kiss me, Mr. Clifford, for I shall encourage no such treachery as to permit you first to malign and then to pretend appreciation. Allie, I am so tired. Can't I go to my room?"

And after the lovely golden head was lying on the cushions, and the blue eyes hidden by the snowy golden-lashed lids, Alexia laid her small, brave brown hands on Mr. Clifford's coat lapels, and looked eagerly up in his handsome face.

"Well, Brownie, what is it? I can see plainly you want to say something important. That you are enraptured to see me again?"

"Oh, Cleve, a thousand times yes! But I wanted to ask you about Ethel! What do you think of her, Cleve?"

His eyes, that lighted with ardent admiration, answered before his words.

"What opinion could I have but that she is the most bewitchingly lovely little beauty I ever saw?"

Alexia laughed softly, she was so delighted that he, who would one day be her brother, already was won by Ethel.

"You cannot tell how I have worried myself wondering how you would like her. She is so girlish and impulsive, I was afraid she would not suit you, for I know you have always said your choice was with graver, more dignified women."

He pressed her slight, mourning-robed figure closely, with one arm.

"Like you are, Alexia, love! But while I love you dearly, I would be less than mortal man not to be enchanted by your little sister's winsomeness."

Alexia's pure pale cheeks nestled against his caressing hand.

"It is so good of you to like her, for we three will be very much together, although, as yet, she does not know of our engagement. I could not bear to tell her of my happiness, surrounded as she is with her own sorrow. Did I do right, Cleve?"

He looked down at her sweet uplifted face; smiled, and kissed the soft red lips.

"Did you ever do wrong, Alexia?"

"Not when I obey you," she returned, quickly. "Now, shall you or I tell her our secret?"

"Neither of us, dear. As you say, it would be cruel to make the inevitable comparison between herself and you. She will find it out herself before long—the best way."

So it happened that Ethel Cameron did not know that the handsome, gallant gentleman who called so often, and who was equally devoted to them both—at Alexia's expressed wish, and to her great, unselfish thankfulness—that Mr. Cleve Clifford was her sister's betrothed husband; and so, as she emerged from the clouds of bereavement and sorrow that providentially are quick in the passage over the young, and came out into the full radiance of returned girlish spirits and full capacity for enjoying her young life to the full, there was nothing more natural in the world than that she should have loved Cleve Clifford.

Only Alexia never dreamed of such a thing; never once dreamed of such a horrible thing in reserve for her, until one day, sitting back among the curtains of the window, where no one saw her or dreamed she was, she heard just two sentences that curdled her heart's blood.

"Ethel! My darling, I can keep it from you no longer—I love you—I love you!"

No matter that the words smote her like a two-edged sword—no matter that it murdered, at one fell blow, every earthly hope or hope of earthly happiness for her—for it was Cleve Clifford who said it, impetuously, eagerly. And like the stroke of a keen knife-blade came Ethel's low, ecstatic answer:

"Oh, Cleve, do you love me? I—I have always loved you so much!"

And the two walked slowly past the window, off the piazza, and out into the blessed summer night.

While she—Alexia—sat dumb in her sudden desolation of sorrow, forgetful of everything in the world except that her lover was false to her, and that she had sworn by Mrs. Cameron's dying bed to prefer Ethel's happiness before her own, always, ever!

She had been so secure in her own perfect happiness then. She had never dreamed of this awful thing coming to her.

It hurt her to the very heart's core that Cleve could play her so basely false—that Ethel was false Alexia would not stop to ask herself. She blindly shut her eyes against even a doubt of the fair girl's innocence—and then she remembered that it would have been almost less than human for Cleve not to have preferred golden-haired, lily-white Ethel to her own quiet, reserved self.

That was a vigil Alexia kept that may God grant none of us may ever have to keep; when judgment and principle and truth were made—ay, made to trample upon inclination, longing, pain. A vigil where all that was grand in her perfect woman nature came to the battle against all that was weak, and the result was a pitifully glorious victory.

"Pitifully glorious"—can you comprehend the full sense of that, and your heart not ache for Alexia Cameron?

Prompt to promise as faithful to keep that promise, and prompt in all her affairs of life, Alexia was not long in making her decision—she would voluntarily release Cleve Clifford, and neither he nor Ethel should ever know what she knew. Even in his treachery, Alexia resolved to spare and shield him.

And so she went to him, the very first opportunity she found—who had sworn that Ethel's happiness should come first.

She found him alone, walking up and down the piazza, his head bent, his brows contracted, and she laid her hand detainingly on his sleeve.

"Cleve! Wait one moment, please—I have something to tell you. I—have changed my—I wish to release myself from my engagement with you!"

She dropped her head lest he might read the truth on her face. He listened, and stared at her lovely dark hair bewilderedly.

"Release you—release you, Alexia! What can you mean? Why do you wish it?"

But she detected the glad exultation beneath his surprise; then she raised her face boldly.

"Because, Cleve, I know I should never be happy as your wife. I free you, with the return of this ring you gave me."

And—he took the ring from her cold trembling fingers, and said never a word in demur.

And after that, neither ever mentioned the subject again. Alexia kept her own counsel, and if Cleve ever suspected that she suspected him, he gave no sign—nor did she, even when, one day, Ethel came to her, with eyes floating in happy tears, and lovely pink flushes on her cheeks, and whispered that Cleve Clifford loved her.

But she took the fair young girl in her arms and kissed her, and held her close against her faithful, desolate heart.

"You are happy, Ethel?"

The blue eyes smiled their content into the sad brown ones.

"Oh, Allie! could any one be aught but happy who loved my Cleve?"

And when the pang the unconscious girl had given had ceased its first agonizing thrill, Alexia realized that from then to the laying down of her life she must always be knowing that she had blighted her own life by keeping her oath—and none must ever know of the dreary burden her heart ever carried, while Ethel and Cleve were happy as the day was long—Ethel in her ignorance, and he—well, he was a man!

## Ripples.

Golden hair is the most beautiful, because light is the ideal of all beauty.

The right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

If persons would take more trouble about living they would be less troubled when dying.

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

The love of a pure and innocent woman's soul is often the guardian angel that guides a man's steps to the best actions of his life.

A Wisconsin man, at Waupaca, has recently become his own uncle. "How's that?" do you ask? Why, he married his niece.

Appearances are deceitful. Many a woman is apt to marry a loss when she makes up her mind to marry a gain.

"Mary," said a Lancaster woman to a new servant, "when you hang out the clothes be careful to put the nicest pieces nearest the street."

They tell of a young dry-goods clerk in Chicago who popped the question to his beloved one day when she came to shop. She said that was a counter-proposition, and she'd have to consider it.

"Do you take me for a Fiji cannibal?" was the indignant reply of a countryman, who was asked at dinner at an uptown hotel if he would have some Charlotte Russe.

Discussion between a wise child and